

The Sketch

No. 725.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



"A CHRISTMAS ROBIN": MLLÉ. GABY DESLYS AS A BOY.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph by Bassano.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



London.

Do Women Fall
in Love?

"The question is simply this," I said. "Do women ever fall in love?"

"The man's a fool!" snapped Dame Nature.

We were striding across Hampstead Heath. The old lady seemed to enjoy the bite of the east wind on her cheeks. She had already explained to me that the constant changes in the weather were arranged so that people might get plenty of variety without moving from place to place, and that those who rush southwards in pursuit of the sun were behaving in a naughty and foolish manner, for which she would be compelled to punish them sooner or later.

I had then, with no little cunning, led her round to the topic of human love. When I took tea with the Dame at her club, you may remember, she had asserted that women were fonder of men than men were of women, a statement that I found myself unable to accept.

"That's my trade," I retorted. "Won't you answer the question?"

"More cheap copy, I suppose?"

"It's not for me," I replied modestly, "to decide its worth."

"Lucky for the proprietors." She leapt lightly over a gorse-bush. "Well, I suppose I must help you if I can."

The Happy
Valley.

She spread her old, thick cloak at the foot of a tree, and we sat down side by side. I filled a pipe, and the Dame, as usual, lit a cigarette.

Had there been any to see it, I have no doubt we made a curious picture.

"In the first place," she began, "you must understand that nobody ever *falls* in love. The expression implies that love is a sort of pit, into which men and women topple by accident."

"Not a bad description of love at first sight."

"Bah! I don't mind comparing love to a pit, if you like, but I should have preferred to call it a Happy Valley. You see," she added rather dreamily, "I'm so much older than the cynics. In fact, my friend, I'm exactly as old as love. We're twins."

"A charming idea!"

"It's not an idea; it's truth. Are we agreed, then, that love is to be likened unto a Happy Valley?"

"Certainly."

"That sounds a little cold. Still, we'll get on with the story. Now, one does not topple into a valley by accident. One walks into it, or strays into it. Hence my objection to the word 'fall.'"

The Dame's Little
Smile.

On behalf of mankind, I acknowledged the common error.

"You'll admit," I asked, "that some people rush into the valley?"

"Oh, yes, but with their eyes open. Two people whose natures are wholly sympathetic may be standing at the edge of the valley, envying those below. They may not enter singly, and they know the misery that comes to those who attempt the descent with an unsympathetic companion. Presently they look up, their eyes meet, they realise that here, at last, is the fellow-traveller for whom they have been waiting so long. Naturally, they make a rush. That is what is called falling in love."

"Is the rush ever involuntary?"

A whimsical smile stole across those wise, worn features.

"A mother does not sit in judgment on her offspring," said Dame Nature. "I made some of you weak and some strong, some careful and some impulsive. There are those who never even get near the edge of the Happy Valley; for such it has no fascination. There are others who linger at the brink all their lives, awaiting the ideal

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

companion with whom they may descend. There is yet a third class. This consists of those who are so weary of waiting that they select a fellow-traveller at random. Not all are happy, you know, even in the Happy Valley."

At the Edge of
the Valley.

I deemed it a good opportunity to get back to my original question.

"You have said," I reminded her, "that there are some who never even get near the edge of the valley—some for whom it has no fascination. Of these, are the men or the women in the majority?"

"The men, you persistent creature. Every woman finds her way, sooner or later, to the edge of the Happy Valley. The brink is crowded with them. They are of all ages: that is why the sight is so sad. Many men are among them, but for the most part, my friend, they are young. The older men become impatient, and return to their farms and their merchandise. The women, as a rule, have neither farms nor merchandise. And so they wait and wait, and their eyes grow dim with watching, and the pain of despair draws deep lines in their poor cheeks, and the sorrow of loneliness threads white hairs among their tresses, once so thick and glossy."

"Do those in the valley," I asked presently, "ever look up?"

"Oh, yes, some of them. But the spectacle saddens them, and they turn away again, lest they should lose their own companions."

"And do any seek to leave the valley?"

"Yes; in the belief that they may return at will. But there is no return."

I am Vanquished
Again.

Oddly enough, it occurred to both of us at the same moment that we were getting absurdly serious.

"It's your fault," cried the Dame, lighting another cigarette. "You shouldn't introduce such serious topics. At any rate, I hope I've convinced you that my original statement was correct?"

"I never really doubted it," I assured her, "because, you see, you know. But I am surprised that so clever a man as Shakspere should make Hamlet talk about the brevity of woman's love as though it were proverbial."

"Shakspere was a cynic. He always sneered at love. Byron, on the other hand, believed in it. That was rather neatly put, you know—

*Man's love is of man's life a thing apart:
'Tis woman's whole existence.*

There you have our argument in a nutshell."

"The result of our argument."

"The foregone result."

I laughed. It was not of the slightest use to pit my poor little brains against the wisdom of Dame Nature. She could even, it seemed, fling the more or less modern poets at me!

And Trodden
Under Foot.

There was yet one shot, none the less, in my locker. I determined to fire it, hit or miss.

"Since you have quoted Byron," I observed,

"and thereby shown your faith in his judgment—"

"He was fallible—very!"

"Nevertheless, we have acknowledged that he was an authority on love. Can you tell me, then, why he wrote—

*In her first passion woman loves her lover:
In all the others all she loves is love?*

If women are fonder of men than men are of women, why did Byron write those lines?"

"Shall I tell you?" Her old eyes twinkled.

"I should be very much obliged if you would."

"To confuse you. He seems to have succeeded."

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A Prospectus is being issued dated December 15th which states, among other things, that—

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J. WHITAKER.

Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 1907.

Whitaker's Almanack.

The Illustrated London News

DECEMBER 22.

SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS PICTURES

CHURCH & STATE IN FRANCE:

THE PALACE OF THE POPES AT AVIGNON

HONEYCOMBED LONDON: THE AGE OF TUBES

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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Dec. 19, 1906.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

Generous Christmas Hostesses.

THE departure of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught early in the New Year for the Far East marks the beginning of a pleasure rather than of a duty trip, but with royal travellers duty and pleasure have perforce to go hand in hand. King Edward and his only surviving brother are on terms of the closest affection and confidence, and his Majesty will greatly miss the Duke, the more so that the royal tourists will not be

back till May. Princess Patricia, who so far has seen but little of the world, is to go with her father and mother.

The Princess Royal.

Princess Royal had been compelled to undergo a second operation. The fact, however, that the Queen was not in London at the time it took place indicated the slightness of its nature, and those who are in a position to know the truth declare that her Royal Highness is really better than she has been for twelve months past. The eldest of our Sovereign's daughters has been content with a much quieter and much less brilliant existence than that which has fallen to the lot of her youngest sister. Till last year she was known as the Duchess of Fife, and few British Duchesses lead an existence as simple and domestic as that of her Royal Highness. As soon as the Princess can be moved she will go down to her delightful house at Brighton.

H.R.H.'s Girlhood. Princess Louise of Wales is said to have shown very early her attachment for the Scottish Peer with whom her happy married life has now lasted nearly eighteen years. The three royal sisters had an ideal childhood and youth; they were never separated from their parents, and they had, of course, many opportunities of seeing those noted men and women whom the then Prince and Princess of Wales honoured with their friendship. Prominent among these was Lord Fife, and even when only just in her teens the future Princess Royal betrayed a preference which was to ripen into friendship, and finally into love.

The days when everyone made a custom of spending Christmas at home, or as part of a family gathering, have gone for ever, and one wonders what Dickens would have thought of the modern way. Certain leading Society women are noted for their Christmas house-parties, and those not blessed with such generous friends often spend the Christmas week in some luxurious hotel which specially caters for winter holiday guests. The bringing together of a Christmas house-party entails on the hostess far more than the usual trouble attendant on entertaining, for it has become the custom for each visitor to find a pretty gift awaiting him or her on the morning of December 25, unless there are children in the party, when the presents are generally attached to a Christmas-tree.

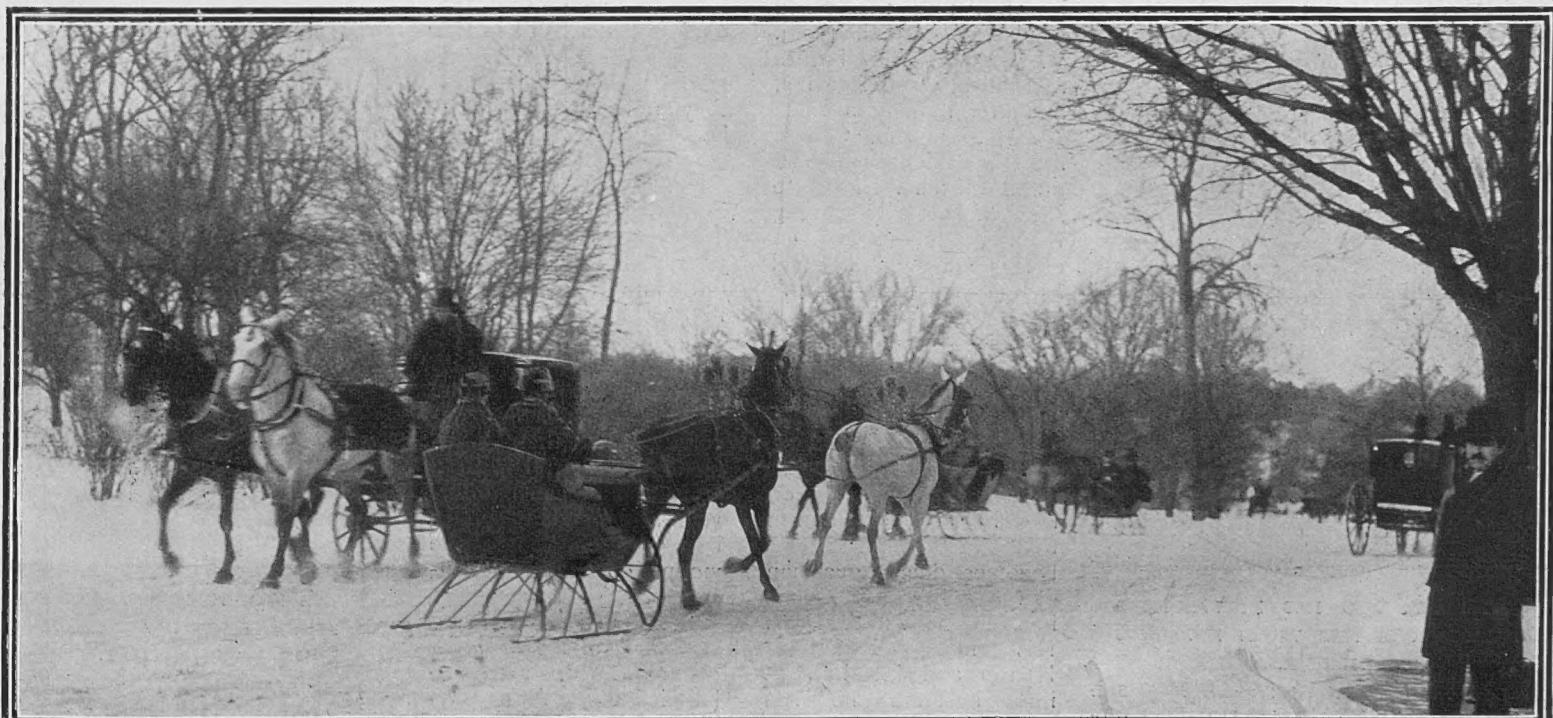


H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL AS A GIRL.

Photograph by Faulkner and Co.

"Julius Cæsar" in Paris. You hear it discussed in places where they drink tea and eat muffins, and such places are legion in Paris just now. Superb, beautiful, charming, are some of the adjectives bestowed upon Antoine's presentation of the masterpiece. Yet you are certain to hear criticisms of the acting. The speakers make you understand that they could do it so much better themselves. "What a wretched Cæsar!" they say. "What a little, common kind of man, and how rude he is to his wife!" "As to Cal-

phurnia, how ridiculous she looks in her Empire dress, and how underbred, to be sure!" "And then Brutus! Did you ever see such a Brutus? In the play he is called a most noble Roman—but in the flesh!" One thought that perhaps Antony might escape, but, bless you, he doesn't. We are told that he is much too effeminate and much too Asiatic, and a good deal too mediæval in his acting to suit the classic ideal. So you see Paris has taken seriously to Shakspere. It discusses the traditional Shakspere, and wants to know the reason why when it has not got the real thing, or thinks it hasn't. It only shows what progress the *Entente* is making. Parisians are positively jealous for Shakspere.



THE KIND OF WINTER MANY WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THIS COUNTRY: DECEMBER IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Joseph Byron.



A BANKER WHO RECENTLY DENOUNCED THE METHODS OF A GREAT WALL STREET BANK: MR. JACOB SCHIFF.

Mr. Schiff, who is head of the International Banking House of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., recently caused some sensation at a Chamber of Commerce meeting in New York by denouncing the business methods of a famous Wall Street bank. This institution, he said, is in the habit of calling in loans amounting to many millions of dollars in the mornings of "bad days" and re-lending the same money at a higher interest as soon as the call money rates go up.

Photograph by Alman.

and his remarkable acumen is said to have much impressed his Majesty. Mr. Schiff belongs to the race and religion which may be said to govern the finances of the world, and, as is the habit with each member of the great Rothschild clan, he literally observes the Mosaic law of giving a tenth of his income to charity. The task he now has in hand will take him all his strength, for Wall Street is very united; but if any man can alter the present state of things there, that man—so say the shrewdest tongues in America—is Jacob H. Schiff.

An Old-Fashioned Pope. The Pope has appointed a man as his doctor whom he

likes because he is "old-fashioned and not a tyrant." The doctor will have an old-fashioned patient, as little regardful of professional wisdom as the great Duchess of Marlborough, who got better simply to confound the physician who predicted her speedy dissolution. When his gout was so bad during the summer, all manner of remedies, pills, liniments, and medicines, were prescribed for his Holiness. And

An American Friend of the King.

Mr. J. H. Schiff, who is one of a group of great American financiers who are trying to purify the American Stock Exchange and its methods, has been described as the uncrowned king of Transatlantic finance. He is senior partner of an important banking firm, and though born in Germany, is a typical American in method and in manner. Mr. Schiff often finds time, busy man as he is, to take a short run to Europe, and on one such occasion he had the honour of being presented to the King by Sir Ernest Cassel,

He will now sell his shop, so that he may devote all his energies to his new work.

The Kaiser at Court Dinner.

at Berlin enjoins that, the moment the Emperor has finished eating, the servants should remove all the plates, whether the guests have done or not. One of the Kaiser's favourite stories relates how an old Admiral, who was a rough diamond and a great eater, was once dining with the Emperor when a dish he was particularly fond of was brought to the table. Unfortunately,



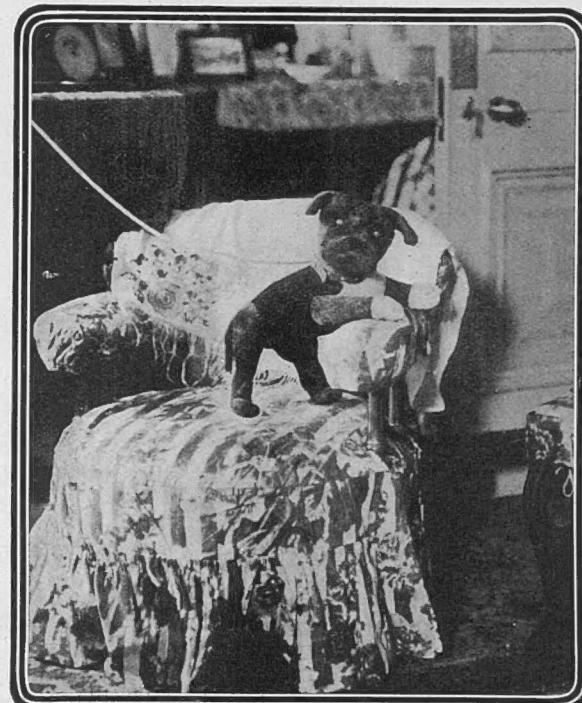
A PROFESSOR WHO USED A FOG-HORN TO DROWN ORCHESTRAL MUSIC: PROFESSOR BREDINS.

The Professor is the owner of two houses that face the Amsterdam "Zoo." Some months ago the authorities of the "Zoo" made a children's playground before the Professor's houses. In vain did he protest against the noise, and then he decided to have revenge by starting a fog-horn to spoil the orchestral concerts in the Zoological Gardens. This caused the "Zoo" authorities to change the position of the children's playground, on condition that the Professor moved his fog-horn.

the Admiral sat next to the Kaiser, who kept asking him questions all the time, so that he could hardly eat. The Emperor very soon finished, and immediately the footmen swooped down on the plates. But the old Admiral, who did not intend to be robbed of his favourite dish, hit the man over the knuckles with his fork, and shouted out, "Get out, will you!" and refused to say another word until he had finished his plate, though the whole table was in a roar, the Emperor laughing loudest of all.

Polishing Off "Poliche."

"Poliche" is the name of a new play at the Théâtre Français, written by a clever young playwright, M. Henri Bataille. It describes the adventures of a humorous person whose real name is Didier, but who is known in private life as Poliche, short for Polichinelle. Poliche is a professional joker. He is always engaged in "farces"; but, like other and discovers it is no joke. The lady admiration has no idea that he has



MISS MARION TERRY'S PET "FLAT-DOG."

Miss Marion Terry, who is now giving so admirable a performance in "Peter's Mother," lives in a London flat, and consequently is unable to keep a dog. She contents herself, therefore, with the dummy shown in our photograph.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Poliches, he falls in love with the object of his fallen a victim to the tender passion. When she becomes aware of it, she takes pity on him, and they are as happy as they can be for a whole act afterwards. But that is not stock enough to go into married life upon. They part company, and poor Poliche is polished off. The liveliest incident in the play is where two ladies meet, both intent on the same man. They kiss affectionately, fondle one another with absolute devotion, and then commence to quarrel with a delicate and cat-like fervour. No lady likes being jilted, and the victim of man's inconstancy flings herself into the arms of Poliche. That is how Poliche got his chance—for one act. The lady is looking for another kind of Poliche just now, no doubt.

The "Dough-Mixer" Treasurer of New York.

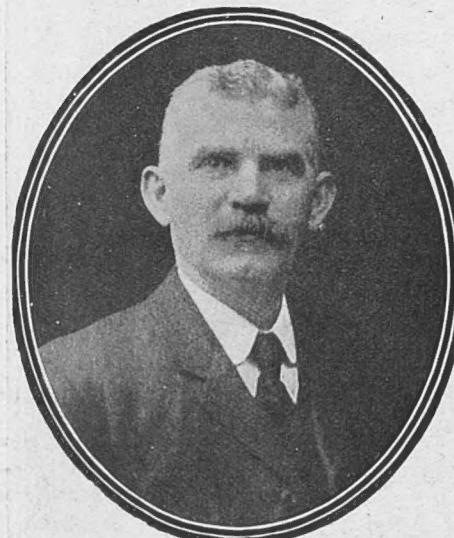
Nearly thirty years ago a German "dough-mixer" entered Moss's bakery at Sayville, Long Island; on the first of next month that same "dough-mixer" becomes official guardian of the millions of dollars in New York's Treasury. His name is Julius Hauser, and since he went into business he has contrived to save some hundred thousand dollars.



THE RICHEST ESKIMO WOMAN IN AMERICA: MARY ALDERWUK, OF UNALAKLEET.

Mary Alderwuk is the proud owner of five hundred reindeer, and her possessions give her an enviable social position among her people.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



THE BAKER WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED TREASURER OF NEW YORK: MR. JULIUS HAUSER.

Mr. Hauser, the newly elected Treasurer of the State of New York, is a baker. He lives in the little town of Sayville, on Long Island.

Photograph by G. Grantham Bain.

The King at Hall Barn.

Lord Burnham has again this week the honour of entertaining his Sovereign at the fine historic seat near London which has its full meed of poetic, political, and now royal associations. Before the arrival of the motor this delightful estate, while within such easy reach of town, was yet curiously remote from the haunts of men, and that, perhaps, was why it was chosen as a country home by one of the busiest of Londoners, for the King's present host is, as most people know, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, only noted for its sporting amenities, but is one of the most comfortable of country houses, being the only private mansion possessing a real Turkish bath.

Hunting Accidents.

This autumn's hunting season has been curiously unlucky from the point of view of fair Dianas. The Duchess of Beaufort's nasty fall was followed

THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD HOLDER OF 11 MEDALS FOR SWIMMING: MISS DORIS ZELLA KAY.

Miss Kay has no fewer than eleven medals, including the Cross of Merit of the Paris Life Saving Society and the Perrin Gold Medal. She is the daughter of Mr. James Kay, himself an authority on swimming.

Photograph by Scott.

by the rather more serious accident to Lady Ada FitzWilliam; and last week the Baroness de Voynish, one of the many plucky foreign horsewomen who take up their quarters in the United Kingdom each winter, has also come to grief over a bit of stiff country. The

only does with her daughter a famous Scotch title,

but she is the original of Tennyson's "Airy, Fairy Lilian," and numbers among her relatives almost half the British nobility. A brilliant musician, she has written several songs, one of them, "Parting," to the words of the Duchess of Sutherland, and she is also a devotee of the sister arts, poetry and painting. At North Lodge, Ascot, her artistic bent is shown in many ways, notably in the old furniture with which she has filled it.

THE ORIGINAL OF TENNYSON'S "AIRY, FAIRY LILIAN": LILIAN, COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

MRS. "SAMMY" OLIVER (FORMERLY MISS ETHEL SYDNEY, OF THE GAIETY), AND HER BABY.

Photograph by E. W. Benson.

by the rather more serious accident to Lady Ada FitzWilliam; and last week the Baroness de Voynish, one of the many plucky foreign horsewomen who take up their quarters in the United Kingdom each winter, has also come to grief over a bit of stiff country. The short habit, even more perhaps than the various forms of "safeties" invented both by clever sartorial amateurs and by the tailoring trade, has done much to mitigate the danger women used to run so recklessly in the days when Anthony Trollope wrote his famous hunting novels. Then the well-cut habit almost touched the ground, and grace, not sense, was the ideal of both tailor and wearer. Now many well-known lady riders to hounds ride astride, but this method has certain dangers obviated by the ordinary side-saddle.

An Historic Coat. The widow of Count Waldersee has just presented to the National Museum at Hanover the coat which her husband was wearing in July 1871, when France paid the first instalment of the war indemnity. It was on July 1, 1871, that M. Pouyer-Quertier, the French Minister of Finance, paid Count Waldersee, in the Palace of the Louvre, the sum of 100,400,000 francs, after having raised the money with enormous difficulty. Count Waldersee took the money, and placed it in the pocket of the coat which he was wearing, and it is that coat which the Countess Waldersee has presented to the Museum as a relic of the foundation of the German Empire.

Noble Book-makers. The number of noble writers of books is certainly on the increase, and now a royal lady, Princess Henry of Battenberg, joins the great army of authors by announcing

**THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD HOLDER OF 11 MEDALS FOR SWIMMING: MISS DORIS ZELLA KAY.**

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Photograph by Scott.



VICTIM OF AN ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING-FIELD: BARONESS DE VOYNISH (MRS. MOYLE O'CONNOR).

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



THE ORIGINAL OF TENNYSON'S "AIRY, FAIRY LILIAN": LILIAN, COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

An Original Idea. Lady Aberdeen's fertile and inventive mind has never evolved a happier idea than that of the Lace Ball, which is to be the most important of this winter's Viceregal entertainments. Not only will this original notion greatly help the existent lace industry in Ireland, but it will enable all those present to realise the great possibility of this exquisite fabric and will give opportunity for the display of some wonderful old-lace heirlooms. It is, however, to be hoped that spurs will be conspicuous by their absence, or else the Dublin lace-menders will also have cause to bless Lady Aberdeen.

A Beneficent Craze. Society has been busily engaged the last ten days in selling and buying pretty fancy trifles suitable for Christmas gifts. The Sale of Russian Industries held at the Princess Dolgorouki's splendid house set the ball rolling, and the Royal School of Art Needlework also did a roaring trade, while royalty patronised to an exceptional extent the work-rooms of the Disabled Soldiers and Sailors in the Brompton Road. Originality has become a perfect craze, and the work of amateurs is often very clever and unusual, especially if carried out under skilled direction. The charity Christmas sale is sure of far more genuine patronage than is the huge fête or bazaar held in the season, where people go to stare at the stall-holders, and not to buy their wares.

Réjane Chez Elle. Réjane has her own little theatre nowadays, and a charming little house it is. It is situated in the Rue Blanche, and neighbours the well-known music-hall, the Casino de Paris. Réjane the incomparable will mount her own plays and play them herself. She has startled Parisians by insisting on having young and good-looking attendants to show people to their seats. As a rule, the theatrical "pew-opener" is neither young nor good-looking, but she is dreadfully grasping. Nothing is more annoying than to hear the *ouvreuse* demand an alms whilst you are in the midst of your theatrical orisons—that is to say, with eyes and brain fixed upon the play. Réjane is also going to give her female staff a pretty uniform, in keeping with the colour of the house, so that every spring, when the painters are called in to repaint the theatre, the lady programme-sellers will be redecorated as well. It is a good idea.

interview. Before this could take place, Wilson burstled into the room to announce "It is all settled." He had spoken very strongly to Trevelyan, he said, and the latter was thoroughly ashamed of himself and had promised to behave better in the future. No sooner had Wilson quitted the room than Trevelyan entered, saying that he had been obliged to speak very severely to Wilson, who had burst into tears of contrition.

The Centre of the Earth.

Stands London where it did, or has it shifted its bearings? As we all noted, Earl Grey, making merry with his friends in a dear little place in Canada the other day, assured them that the spot in which they have pitched their tents is the centre of the Empire, there or thereabouts. And staid

readers have calmly noted it down as a fact, and compilers of future primers for the children of to-morrow will have it so.

Again it may be asked if London stands where she did, that our little friend in Canada should be thus exalted. For hitherto

it has been held that London is the centre, not only of the Empire—and that geographically as well as sentimentally—but

the centre of the whole earth.

St. Paul's Cathedral is supposed to be the pivot, so to speak, around which the world revolves. That is "the centre of the land surface of the globe, the continents lying around it as evenly and correctly as the circumference of an accurately drawn circle lies around its central point." Canada had better note this.

A PRINCE WHO IS ORGANISING A TEAM OF SWEDISH "SPRINGBOKS": PRINCE WILHELM OF SWEDEN.

Prince Wilhelm, who is the second son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, is often referred to as "Europe's best and truest sportsman." Just now he is organising in Stockholm a Rugby team, which he hopes will be able to give a good game to any XV. that may visit his country.

when the painters are called in to repaint the theatre, the lady programme-sellers will be redecorated as well. It is a good idea.

A Royal Man of Affairs. Prince Arthur of Connaught, with whose name the gossips have been busy, has plenty of time to think about marrying; he is but three-and-

twenty. His record rather contradicts the baptismal certificate, but the fact is, he was only a boy when he first came into prominence as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Shah of Persia upon the occasion of the latter's visit to England in the Coronation year. Since then the Prince has travelled far and frequently as the special representative of the King at royal functions beyond enumeration. He has that bonhomie and tact which so distinguish the King, and is a special favourite of his Majesty, who, in the Birthday Honours of last year, made him one of his personal A.D.C.s. Another distinction conferred by the King upon the young Prince is the right to the title "Royal Highness." This does not pass to the grandchildren of the Sovereign, other than the sons and daughters of the direct heir to the throne. The Duke of Connaught had to make application, through the Lord Great Chamberlain, to the King for the grant of the style. Such a rank is of importance to the young Prince, as it affects his precedence at foreign Courts.

The Two Penitents. The quarrel between President Roosevelt and the deposed Ambassador should not be impossible of settlement, seeing that the President stands to the world as the great peacemaker between nations. Peace will come, of course, though we may not know the exact terms. These are often a little hard to get at even in the most favourable case. Sir Algernon West cites a typical example where a quarrel had arisen between Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. James Wilson, joint Secretaries of the Treasury. Gladstone was called in as peacemaker, and arranged an

A GRAND-DUCHESS WHO WRITES HYMNS: THE GRAND-DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA.

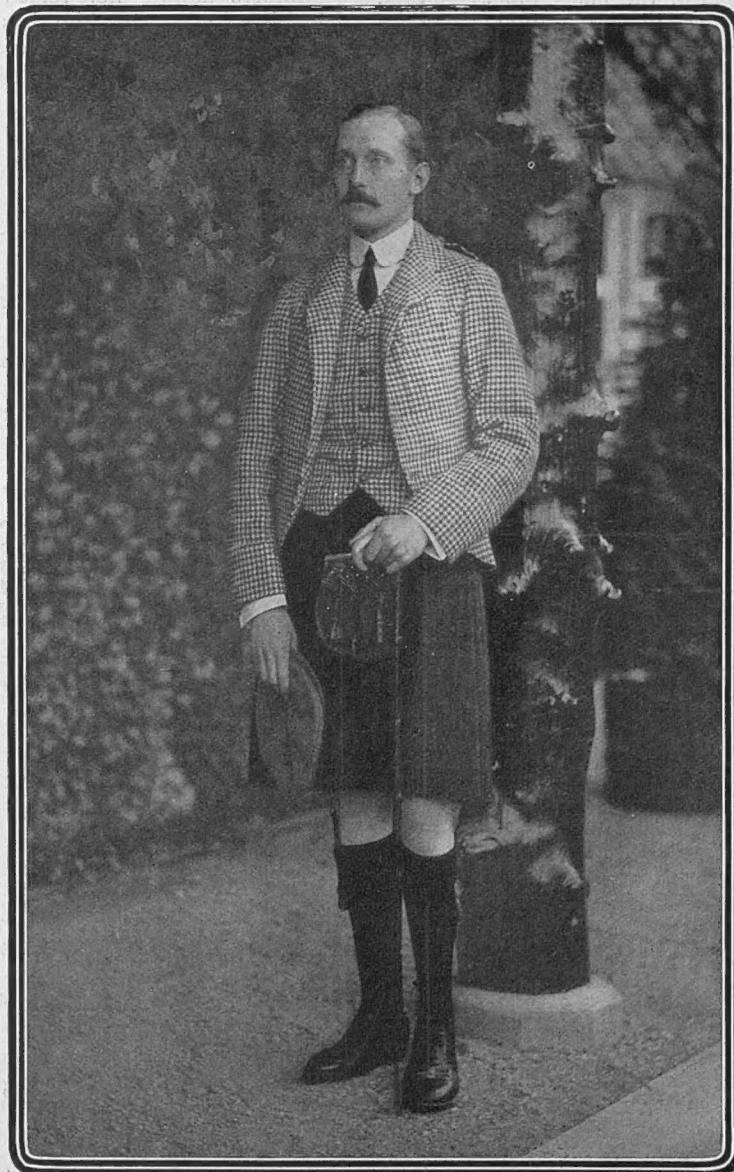
The *Nouye Vremya* announces that the Grand-Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, widow of the late Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, recently wrote a number of hymns, and has also published a volume of poems. Among the Grand-Duchess's four daughters is the Crown Princess of Roumania.

readers have calmly noted it down as a fact, and compilers of future primers for the children of to-morrow will have it so. Again it may be asked if London stands where she did, that our little friend in Canada should be thus exalted. For hitherto it has been held that London is the centre, not only of the Empire—and that geographically as well as sentimentally—but

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The Swing of the Pendulum. Nobody seems to have noticed

it, but in the determination of the French Government to make young ecclesiastics who cannot produce certificates prepared by public worship associations serve in the army, there is a little squaring-up with Germany. We all remember the tremendous struggle between Germany and the Pope, and the gradual backing-down of the Emperor and Bismarck. One of the most important considerations with this redoubtable pair was the help of Leo XIII. when the German Army Law had to be passed. That Army Law, of course, was to enable the Empire to make ready to counter any movement by the "revengeful French." A third of the German population is Catholic. Without the blessing of the Pope that Army Law could not have been successfully carried out. The Pope did bless the law, and it worked smoothly. Thereafter Bismarck declared that the friendship of the Pope was equivalent to an alliance with a Great Power. Now, if her young men do not comply with regulations, France, as the result of her quarrel with the Papacy, will gain for her army an addition of some of the finest young men in the country.



A ROYAL MAN OF AFFAIRS: H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



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⊕ ⊕ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ⊕ ⊕



THE "BIG WHEEL" IN RUSSIA: THE LIE MAGNIFICENT.

This wheel, which has just been erected on the banks of the Neva, bears a placard which, translated, reads: "This wonderful piece of twentieth-century engineering has been transported from Earl's Court, England, to St. Petersburg by special steamer at vast expense." Comment is needless.



LIVING IN A TREE TO AVOID MALARIA: "THE REPOSE."

"The Repose," which is situated near the Escondido River, was built in the manner shown, on the top of an ibo tree 70 feet from the ground, in order that its owner might be above the malarial zone, and also safe from wild beasts, snakes, mosquitoes, and scorpions. It is reached by a primitive lift.—[Photograph by Hoffman.]



A JAPANESE TEMPLE TO BUDDHA IN A QUAKER CITY.

In view of the curious situation caused in America by the San Franciscan educational authorities' refusal to admit the Japanese children to the High School, the photograph here given should be of interest. The temple was specially brought from Japan, and has been erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Photograph by Percy Trenchard.



THE TOMB IT WAS FORBIDDEN TO OPEN OPENED BY A TREE.

The lower part of this tombstone bears the inscription—"This tomb, purchased for eternity, must never be opened." Nature has disobeyed this injunction. A young birch-tree sprang from below the tomb, and by the spreading of its roots has opened it. The monument is in the garden cemetery at Hanover.

Photograph by Bolak.



"MACBETH"—"THE WEAVERS"—"THE YEOmen OF THE GUARD"—"PETER'S MOTHER"—
"THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

PROBABLY the matinées of "Macbeth" at the Garrick are intended primarily as a preliminary canter before an evening run. Judging by them, it seems that Mr. Bourchier would have a substantial chance of success. Some may prefer his work, and also that of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, in modern comedy, but this is no reason for failure to appreciate the merit of their acting in the great tragedy, acting which commands the respect of all and the admiration of many. The characters are of vast difficulty, and demand for complete success a long apprenticeship and some recent practice in heroic plays. It is therefore not surprising that the new Macbeth, whilst always interesting and ingenious, and in some scenes very striking, hardly reaches the limits of the part; one may even quarrel with some aspects, such as his exhibition of physical terror at the sight of Banquo's ghost; but this is a matter of conception of character rather than execution. He stands halfway between the ancient concept of Macbeth and an ultra-modern idea of a neurotic megalomaniac. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is quite the neurotic. There is nothing of the old-fashioned fierce termagant about her—one can imagine her Lady Macbeth as a charming, ladylike woman when unaffected by questions of domestic policy or statecraft. She has to do a great deal of screwing up her courage to the sticking-place, and indulges in a swoon at the end of the banquet scene, unwarranted by the text. Such a treatment may (or may not) be illegitimate; it certainly is interesting, and occasionally very effective, and when played sincerely by an actress of Miss Vanbrugh's talent and physical gifts, the effect is very striking. By-the-bye, her head-dress rather spoils her appearance by making her face look too small. Altogether, without acclaiming the new Macbeth and Lady Macbeth as proving that the players have been wasting their talents by devoting them to comedy, one may express admiration for a sincere, able, and artistic rendering. Quite an excellent company appeared, including Mr. Matheson Lang, a picturesque Macduff; Mr. Sydney Valentine, a sturdy Banquo, orthodox in method; and Mr. Acton Bond, a capital Ross. The scenery and mounting are picturesque without being distractingly elaborate.

"The Weavers" was not a very wise venture of the Stage Society. To watch it was a fearful joy, "a pleasure that was almost a pain," a pain by no means a pleasure. There are power and remarkable characterisation in Hauptmann's treatment of the strike of starving Silesian weavers, but no art and little artifice. We were appalled, perhaps convinced, by its picture of suffering, and interested by clever if not great acting, and glad when it was over, even though there were thrilling moments and the study of the mob became at times almost entralling.

The reception of "The Yeomen of the Guard" promises success for the welcome series. The temptation to sigh for the old

performers—whose merits and not defects were remembered—was irresistible, and it may be doubted whether any brilliance of the newcomers could have caused us to forget their predecessors. Yet the pleasure of the audience—critics included—seemed to be great: there was real enthusiasm in the house, and number after number was received even more heartily than upon the original first-night, when, unless my memory deceives me, the house was a little cold. Time has vindicated the judgment of Mr. Gilbert as to the merits of the work. The most successful of the excellent if not quite remarkable company is Mr. Workman, who had quite a triumph as Jack Point.

Miss Lilian Coomber was an agreeable Elsie, and Miss Jessie Rose piquant as Phœbe. Mr. Pacie Ripple was a little stiff, but fairly successful, and Mr. Clulow's grim humours were well received. The chorus is decidedly good, and the performance, generally speaking, of great excellence.

The success of "Peter's Mother," just transferred to the Apollo, is welcome, since Mrs. De la Pasture's work is a genuine comedy, and deserves success for its delicate sentimentality and fine, humorous study of the selfishness of youth. It is welcome, too, because it gives to Miss Marion Terry a rich acting part, which she plays so exquisitely as to fascinate everybody.

"The Vicar of Wakefield" appears to promise another triumph for comic opera. The book is not quite a triumph. The story may be unsuitable for a libretto, or the adaptation may be unskillful; possibly both elements were present. Yet there is enough of the story and the charm of Goldsmith to atone for such disadvantages, and some passages were pretty and pathetic, apart from the music. And the music of Mme. Liza Lehman is quite charming. It sings well, the spirit of the lyrics and the scenes is capitally represented, the melodies are delicate, and the orchestration has a grace and apparent simplicity, a quiet humour and subtlety delightful, particularly after the

very pretentious, over-laboured music we often hear in less ambitious works. The "tunes" are not obviously "catchy." Yet there was an encore for almost every number, and some of the concerted music, notably a quintet in the first act, is absolutely fascinating. There is no attempt to get an antique air by turning the work into a ballad-opera; several of the numbers fully realise the idea of light, unconventional modern opera. An excellent company has been chosen. Mr. Bispham seemed a little heavy as the Doctor, but, of course, his singing, particularly in the dramatic passages, was of great value. Mr. Walter Hyde, the Thornhill, if rather stiff as an actor, used an agreeable voice excellently; and a word must be said of the Burchell of Mr. Richard Temple and the Jenkinson of Mr. Charles Lander. Miss Isabel Jay sang Olivia's music delightfully, and acted quite prettily in the lighter passages; and Miss Edith Clegg's singing as Sophia was very agreeable. Mrs. Theodore Wright acted admirable as Mrs. Primrose, though it must be mentioned that her method is a little too fine and subtle for the company in which she finds herself.



THE AMERICAN PETER PAN: MISS MAUD ADAMS AS "THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP," IN AMERICA.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

A PALACE OF LIGHT IN THE CITY OF LIGHT.
ARTISTIC STANDS AT THE PARIS MOTOR-SHOW.



1. NICLAUSSE. 2. PILAIN. 3. LA BUIRE. 4. DARRACQ. 5. RENAULT. 6. MERCÉDES. 7. THE DOME OF THE GRAND PALAIS AT NIGHT.
8. CHENARD WALCKER. 9. BRASIER. 10. ADER.

The intense rivalry between the motor-car manufacturers again showed itself at the Paris Motor Show this year in the elaborate nature of the stands, and the result was an artistic success that eclipsed even the previous successes—which is saying a good deal. Many of the stands were really beautiful, ornate affairs of wrought iron, and when the exhibition was lighted up at night the sight was superb. The crowd of visitors was so great on the opening day that people were admitted in batches of 500 at a time.

It is estimated that not less than 100,000 passed the turnstiles on the first day.

Photographs 2, 2, 3, 4, and 7 by Brauner; others by Rol.

HUNTING THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.



"WHY, CERTAINLY!"

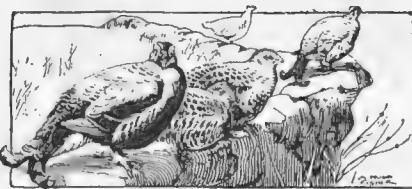
DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

"LET US PAUSE, MY BRETHREN."



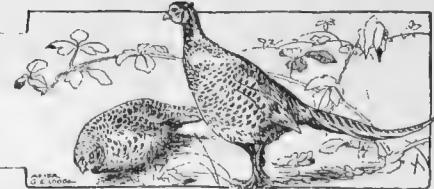
"THE SPIRIT IS WILLING, BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WEEK-END PAPERS

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.



The Happy Family.

From the garden wall of a cottage at the lower end of a Sussex lane, a magpie attracted my attention. He had discovered a straw-plaited basket and was doing what he could to lessen its original shapeliness. My interest offended him, he menaced me with beak and claw. A few yards away a cat had invaded a corner of the wall on which the feeble December sun was shining, another cat stood on the pathway, eyeing the magpie and the basket with intelligent interest. The tenant of the cottage came from his kitchen, followed by an active terrier, and judging the magpie to be a tame bird, I expected to see the cats put to sudden flight. On the contrary, the terrier ignored them, but expressed his doubt about my bona fides in a series of low growls. "He's a rum 'un," said the owner civilly, indicating the magpie, who, on the appearance of his owner, had jumped from the ravished body of the basket and was trying to look as if he did not know the taste of straw. "He may be," I agreed, "and I think he'll be a dead 'un, too, if your terrier wastes his time worrying me instead of chasing those cats." "They're all right,"



A LADY IN HER OWN BEAR-PIT: MRS. MARY ELITCH, OF DENVER, COLORADO, VISITING HER PETS.

Many ladies have strange pets nowadays, but few keep them until they are full-grown. Mrs. Elitch is an exception—to prove the rule.

Photograph supplied by Shepstone.

explained their owner; "it's a regular happy family. The two cats, the dog, and the magpie live together in the garden, and sleep together in the outhouse; they've been friends for years, brought up together, and never parted." The cats were of the commonest kind, and might have been expected to be as fond of a bird as a duck is of water, while the terrier might have been relied upon to leave no cat alive within a quarter-mile radius of his home. For reasons their owner could not explain, one and all had subdued their primitive instincts.

Parental Instinct. It may be suggested that hunger is the cause of the greater part of the cruelty that exists in the animal world. While there are creatures, like the stoat and the weasel, suspect upon good evidence of destroying life wantonly, by far the greatest amount of killing is done for food and nothing else. Consequently, when animals are supplied properly and birds are fed regularly a happy family may be created without difficulty. As far as one can see, the wild-life instincts towards food and maternity are more or less blind. A beast or bird feels the pangs of hunger and will allay them at any price; they feel the instincts of maternity and will gratify them, should they lack offspring of their own, by adopting the strangest children. A goat has been known to suckle a baby rhinoceros, a cat has nourished a family of rats, the annals of foster-parentage among the mammalia are full of well-authenticated cases that might well raise doubts in the minds of the unobservant. I have no doubt at all that when the maternal instinct has exhausted itself, the parent, in certain cases, will do as Saturn did. Affection, lasting so long among mankind, is very short-lived in bird-land. A sparrow will kill his young because they take up too much room or have appetites that demand too much service to satisfy. A robin will drive his family from the garden he livens with his song; a kingfisher will fight his own children if he finds them fishing in the long stretch of water he has marked out for his own winter service.

The Lower Life Forms.

The measure of affection is associated with the length of the period of helplessness. The animals and birds that have the greatest need of their mother's aid are assured of the greatest allowance of attention and devotion. When the period of helplessness has passed, the instinct of parental affection goes with it, never to return save for children yet unborn. I have seen the smallest birds ready to face man himself in defence of eggs or unfledged young, and a lurcher dog run howling out of a corn-field in which he has fallen up against an old hen with a brood of chickens. It is well known that the mild and fearful does of the Highland forests will attack anybody who ventures into the neighbourhood where their young are concealed.

And the Higher. Higher up in the scale of life conditions alter considerably, and some mothers remain attached to their young until they begin to form domestic ties for themselves. The camel is devoted to her calf, and, if she be permitted, will keep him by her for several years. Foolish camel owners and drivers are known to separate cow and calf too soon; but in the course of fairly exhaustive inquiries in Africa and Western Asia, I have been told that the separation is often fatal to the calf, and that no camel required for bearing heavy burdens and for long-distance journeys should ever be taken from its mother while she is willing and able to feed it. The huge African elephant, perhaps the strongest creature under the sun, runs with its mother for many years; travellers have assured me that the mother suckles a



STRANGE FLOTSAM: A RELIC FROM THE WRECK OF THE "MOHEGAN."

The figure illustrated above was recovered a short time ago from the wreck of the "Mohegan," which went down by the Manacis. It was being taken to a Roman Catholic settlement in San Francisco.

Photograph by Bastin.



A DUTCH WAR FLEET IN A CATHEDRAL: MODELS OF WARSHIPS IN HAARLEM CATHEDRAL.

The models are probably not less than three hundred years old, and represent a Dutch war fleet. Many visit the Cathedral to see them.

Photograph by Bastin.

seven-year-old calf. In all these cases the maternal instinct remains. If elephant or camel calf came into the world able to feed itself, the mother would have forgotten it three months later.

“TALLY-HO” IN MID-OCEAN.



A PACK OF HOUNDS ON BOARD THE "MASSILIA."

The hounds shown in our Photograph were on their way to India, there to work with the Poona and Kirkee Hunt.

Photograph by D. W. Bone.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A RECENT writer on Nietzsche, Mr. A. R. Orage, puts down certain well-known English authors as followers of Nietzsche's philosophy. Among them are Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. W. H. Hudson, and Mr. W. B. Yeats. Among the men of the past who were in harmony with Nietzsche were, according to Mr. Orage, Emerson, Goethe, Moreau, and Bunyan! This is ridiculous confusion. These classifications are purely mischievous and misleading. Nietzsche was first and last an assailant of the accepted morality. There is no doubt that he has followers among writers of the day, but not many of them are explicit. The risks of propagandism are still serious.

"A Lodge in the Wilderness" (Blackwood) is anonymous, but the authorship is not difficult to guess. It is a very creditable production, although the structure is old-fashioned—that of the "Friends in Council" series by Arthur Helps, once very popular, but now forgotten. The author is a vague but passionate preacher of Imperialism. He assembles in "a lodge in the wilderness" a varied company, including an ex-Viceroy, a Canadian statesman, a Jewish financier, an explorer, a soldier and traveller, and a journalist. There

are ladies to match—nine ladies and nine gentlemen. The lodge in the wilderness is the house of a great millionaire on the scarp of the Mau plateau, looking over the great trough of Equatoria. Mr. Francis Carey has many houses in the world, though in London he contents himself with modest chambers on a second floor in Half-Moon Street. One of his abodes is a hunting-box at the head of a long glen in the Selkirks. Another is in a scented Kashmir valley among thickets of rhododendron. He has also a bunga-

low in a Pacific isle, a fishing-lodge in New Zealand, and a superb farm of the old Dutch style in the Blaauwberg.

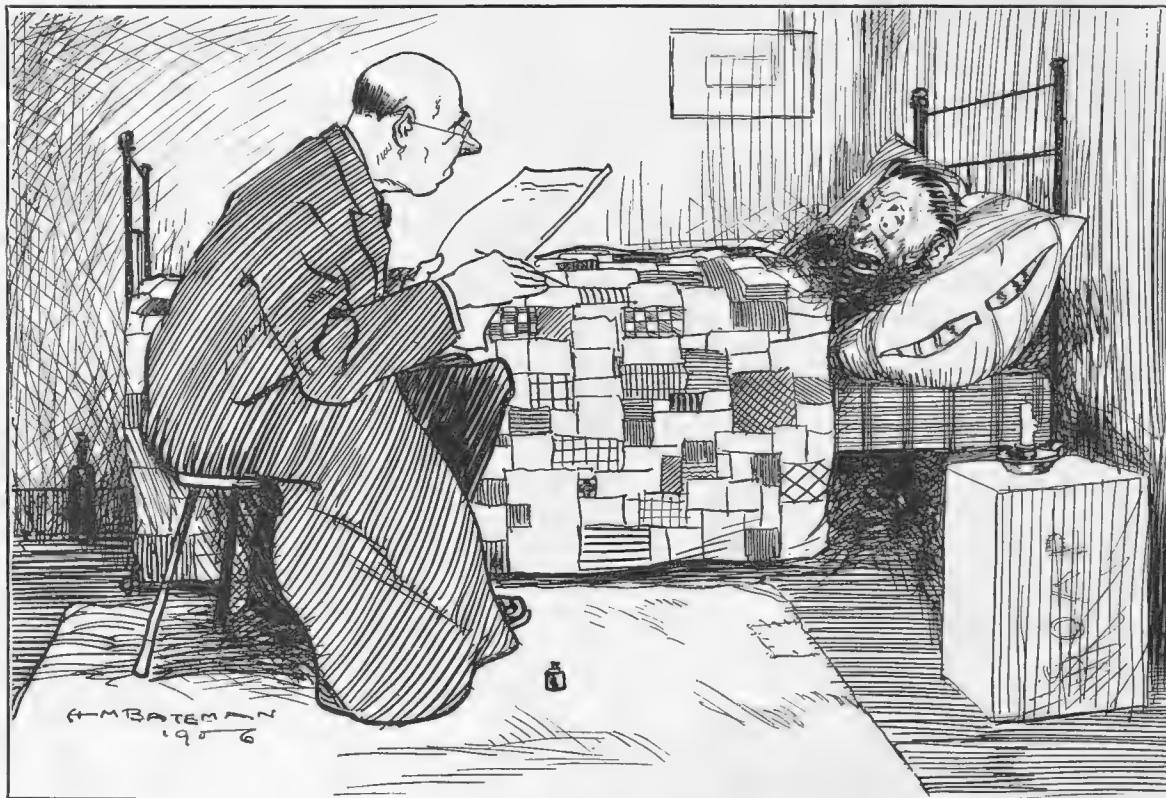
It was the habit of this wonderful being to take every year a party of his friends to some one or other of his remote homes. But he would have no husbands and wives. "If a man is married, he must come without his wife, and the same for the women. We must all be unattached, for domesticity, as I have often told you, is the foe of friendship." With these solemn words ringing in her ears, the Duchess of Maxton collects a party, and every evening the members of it discuss Imperialism. This does not sound lively, but I assure my readers that the book is not dull, and it is anything but stupid. Mr. John Buchan, whom I take to be the author, knows South Africa, and he is a good story-teller. In fact, this strikes me as the best book he has written. There is just a hint of love-making, and there are snatches of verse, one or two of which are really good. "A Lodge in the Wilderness" ought to have a run. Mr. Buchan is now the assistant editor of the *Spectator*.

Mr. W. L. Alden contributes to the *Author* a paper on "The Vice of Complete Editions." So far, I am inclined to agree with him. Lovers of complete editions often descend to unnecessary depths of literary dreariness. Most of us read so little that we should stick to the best. The grubbing and raking-in of every trashy article a famous author wrote for the newspapers is not to be commended. If

it must be done, the results should be printed separately, for the sake of students. They ought not to be added on to a set of complete works, forcing the purchaser either to break his set or to buy rubbish that he did not want. But it does seem unfortunate that "Castle Dangerous" is included in every edition of the *Waverley Novels*. When Mr. Alden comes to particulars, some of us will dissent very strongly. He says: "If we could annihilate every novel that Bulwer wrote prior to writing 'The Caxtons,' would not his reputation stand far higher than it will ever stand while complete editions of his works exist, and contain such miserable stuff as 'Paul Clifford' and 'Eugene Aram'?" A good critic has remarked recently that Bulwer Lytton's novels, powerful and exciting though they be, are almost always tainted by the air of self-consciousness on the part of the writer. "The 'Caxton' series in particular, though the domestic sentiment to which they so strongly appealed saved them for a time from the fate to which their obvious unreality would otherwise have condemned them, show this disease at its height."

Mr. Alden falls into deadly heresy when he further suggests that great books should be abridged. He would cut out of

"Lavengro" almost everything except the fight with the Flaming Tinman, the episode of Isobel (sic) Berners, and a few brief conversations with the gypsies. "Perhaps the whole book would be compressed into fifteen or twenty pages, but those pages would be precious." To all true Borrovians, and to many more, this must seem vandalism of the worst kind. When Mr. Alden says that "Lavengro" as a whole is infinitely tedious, and that the man who has succeeded in reading every word of it from the



THE LAWYER (who is drafting Mr. Snarler's last will and testament): Oh, but if I may make a suggestion, don't you—

MR. SNARLER: Hang it all, who's dying—you or me, eh?

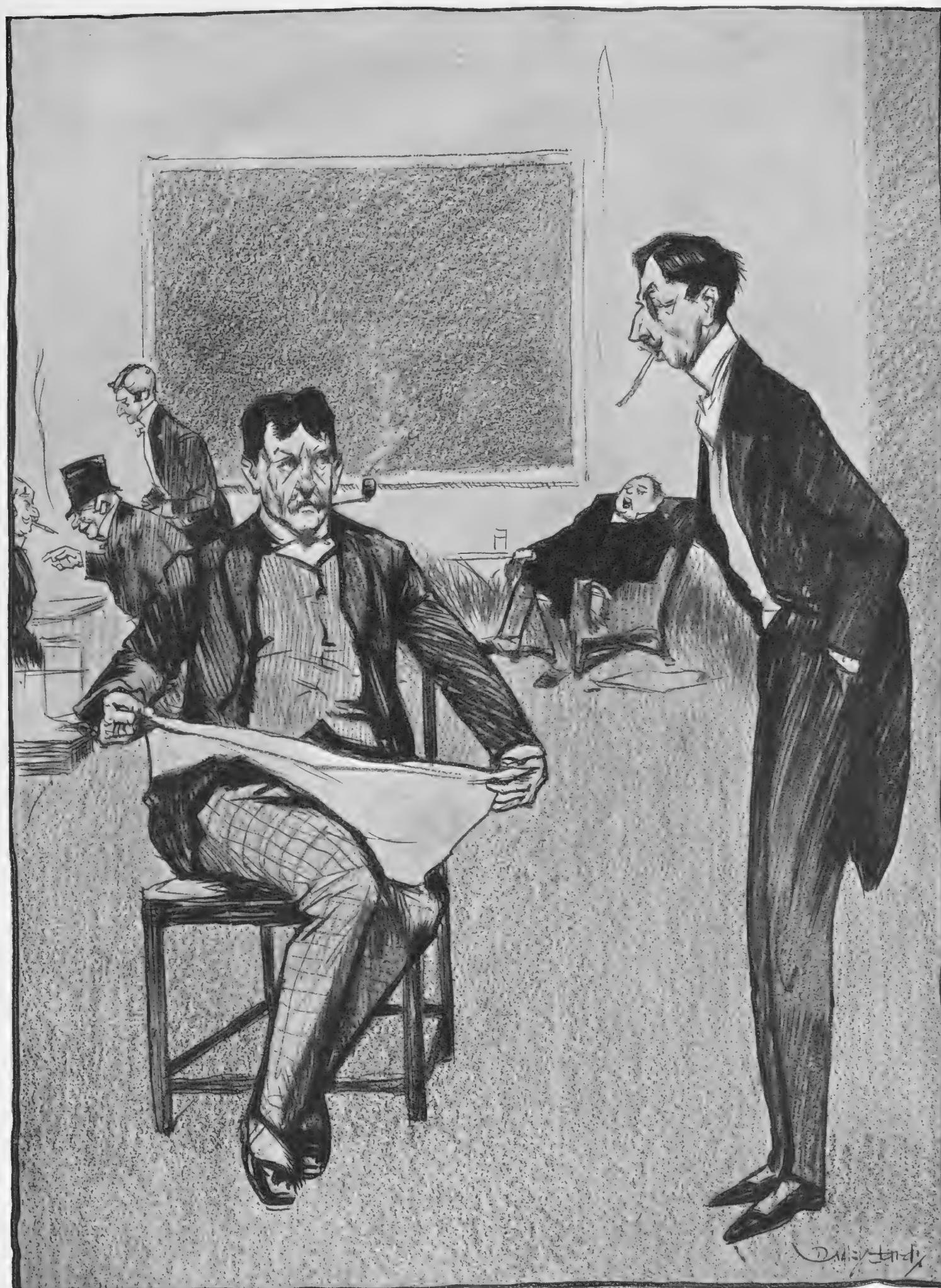
DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

first to the last page has yet to be discovered, he is talking nonsense. This present writer has read "Lavengro" from beginning to end at least nine times with ever-increasing delight.

Mr. Oliver Elton undertook a very difficult task when he attempted the biography of York Powell. He has done it as well, perhaps, as it could be done. Whether he was wise in weighting his book with a second volume containing a collection of extracts from York Powell's contributions to papers, mainly the *Manchester Guardian*, may very well be doubted. They are not worse—and perhaps they are even better—than such papers usually are; but it is hard to see what claim they have to permanent remembrance. The memoir and letters are much more interesting. York Powell was a man who was regarded by many with persistent scepticism. He never did anything of an enduring kind, except his work with Vigfusson on Icelandic literature. In this partnership Vigfusson was by far the most important personage; but there can be no doubt that York Powell helped him intelligently and diligently. For the rest he did little. As Professor of Modern History at Oxford his achievement was dubious. He delivered his inaugural lecture from notes on the backs of old envelopes. His lectures might be attended by three, and seemed to be rambling and unprepared. The astonishing thing is that he got the place he did. It is a proof of the power of his personality. The memoir shows that he was full of interest and sympathy.

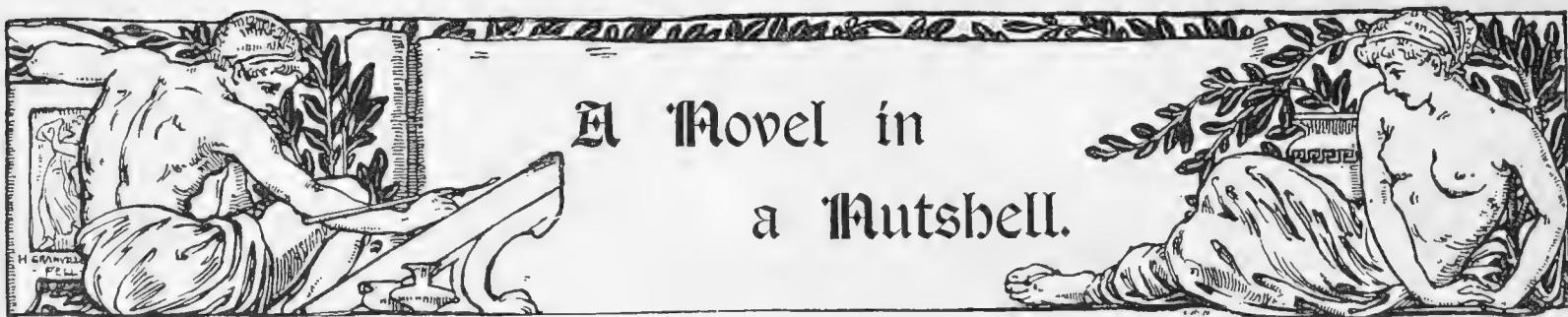
o. o.

WHY NOT MAKE CLUBS MORE AMUSING ?



NEW MEMBER (*who desires to be clubbable, to old member*) : Do you fish ?

OLD MEMBER (*who hasn't been introduced*) : What for ?



A Novel in a Nutshell.

PIETRO.

BY CAPTAIN C. CRICHTON.

ANTONIO VALLANI sat listlessly on a crumbling battlemented wall which overlooked Grenada, whilst Pietro lay slavering in the heat at his feet—an Italian gipsy and his dancing bear.

The man, his wife, and the beast had trudged afoot from Italy along the luxuriant shores of Southern France, where living had been so expensive; then across the Pyrenees and down into Spain, where, though the cost of living was cheap, centimos were correspondingly few.

Across the sun-scorched plains of La Mancha they had plodded, subsisting on a bunch of grapes and a hunch of coarse bread here, a handful of olives and a cup of sour wine there, until they reached Andalusia and the old Moorish capital.

At Grenada the woman's strength gave out, and she lay, sick and emaciated, fighting for breath and a life within her that was not hers, amidst the filth, the suffocating stench and squalor of a southern slum.

Antonio gazed out with hard, hopeless eyes over the Alhambra, down two thousand feet on to the picturesque mud-coloured city in the plains, from whose countless church-spires jangled up intermittently the sound of bells, pulled without regard to time or harmony.

Pietro, slobbering heavily, eyed the neighbouring mountains with longing; the Sierra Nevada, whose cool snowy crests and pine-clad slopes brought back a dim memory of youth and freedom.

Since Maria Vallani had fallen sick weeks had passed. The Grenadines had ceased to laugh at and applaud the ungainly antics of the clumsy, heavy-hunched creature as it waltzed round and round with its fore-paws dangling, and a silly, patient grin on its face. Thus, coppers had ceased to fall by the roadside.

"Come, amico mio," said Antonio at length, "the siesta ends, the evening approaches; perchance the charitable may still throw a few centimos to homeless wanderers. Let us try once more in the town."

He rose wearily, and took the path which leads through the great elm-forest down into the city, the bear shuffling a pace or two behind.

Under the shade of the giant trees fountains played, and mountain torrents of snow-water, fresh from the hill-tops, babbled and prattled, the sound playing gratefully on the ear, and testifying to dead-and-gone Moorish ingenuity and art.

Arrived in the dirty, dusty town, Antonio first sought for the much-needed coppers in the Plaza Cristobal Colon.

Slothful muleteers, pedlars, sweet-vendors, and loafers were just awaking in various shady corners from the siesta, and the cries of the water-carriers, reiterated unceasingly throughout the heat of the day, were heard less frequently.

"La-dari—ra ra, La-dara—ra ra," such was the Italian's unmusical chant, as he beat a sort of drum in doubtful rhythm, and the bear revolved ponderously on his hind-legs.

"Caramba!" exclaimed an old pedlar, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, "that fool of an Italian again, and his devil of a bear. Can no one enjoy forty winks without being disturbed by such an infernal racket?"

"The devil fly away with all dirty Italians, say I," responded a greasy muleteer, fixing a dusty pack-saddle on a gaunt mule. "The man and his beast have become a regular pest here."

There was a general growl of assent from the loungers, who by this time had risen, and stood sullenly scowling at Antonio and Pietro.

"La-dari—ra ra, La-dari—ra." The chant stopped uncompleted, as a large stone, flung with unerring aim, took the bear immediately below the ear.

The great beast dropped on to his forelegs and, with a movement

ludicrously human, placed one paw delicately on the smitten spot, while he regarded his master with a hurt and puzzled look of inquiry.

He was not used to such treatment. At all the towns and villages through which they had passed, if he had worked hard and had little to eat, he had at least been a general favourite.

He was so used to the plaudits of the crowd that he had come to consider his performance the acme of grace and dexterity, and the growing coldness and indifference of the passers-by had for some time been a source of disquietude and wonder to him.

Antonio gave a sharp glance in the direction from which the stone had been thrown, his black eyes blazing with a curious light; but he knew better than to retaliate against a Spanish mob, and, choking back a sob which surged into his throat, he muttered the single word, "Come," to Pietro and turned away. Their departure was greeted with a loud laugh and some oaths from the lookers-on.

Antonio thought of his wife and groaned aloud.

As he passed up the Avenida de la Libertad he noticed a fat, hairy man who was standing in the patio of the Café de Colon, and regarding him and his charge with some attention—a fat man whose huge paunch was covered by a vast expanse of white waistcoat.

The Italian was fascinated by this exuberance of flesh, and as he drew near he accosted the Spaniard: "Buena tarde, Señor, you wish to see my bear dance? He is the most accomplished of all dancing bears."

"No, no, my friend," answered the fat man, breathing thickly; "I have seen your bear dance before. It was then that an idea—only an idea, nothing more—came into my head with reference to him."

"Yes?" said Antonio interrogatively. The other eyed him with curiosity.

"You are not making much money, by the look of you," he said grimly.

"No, Señor," responded the Italian, with a helpless gesture.

"The people of Grenada are tired of you and your bear. Why do you not go away and try elsewhere?"

"My wife is sick; I cannot leave her."

"Ah!" the Spaniard grunted reflectively; then, after a pause, "Would you like to sell your bear?" he asked with apparent carelessness.

The Italian started back. "Sell Pietro!" he exclaimed, aghast. "No, Señor, a thousand times no! He is our breadwinner. Without him we should certainly starve."

"He does not seem to win much," said the Spaniard, eyeing Antonio's cadaverous appearance superciliously.

"He wins the little we get," answered the other in a low voice; "and he has been with me for so many, many years. If I parted with him now, I am afraid that he would die."

"If he is old, he will die soon, anyway; then where will you be?"

"We are all in the hands of the good God," replied Antonio, crossing himself devoutly.

The Spaniard sniffed. "Listen," he said shortly; "if you are not a fool, you will accept my offer. I never waste valuable time in beating about the bush or bargaining. I will give you twelve hundred pesetas for your bear. I happen to want him—for a special purpose. With twelve hundred pesetas you could return to Italy, set up a café, and live comfortably for the rest of your life."

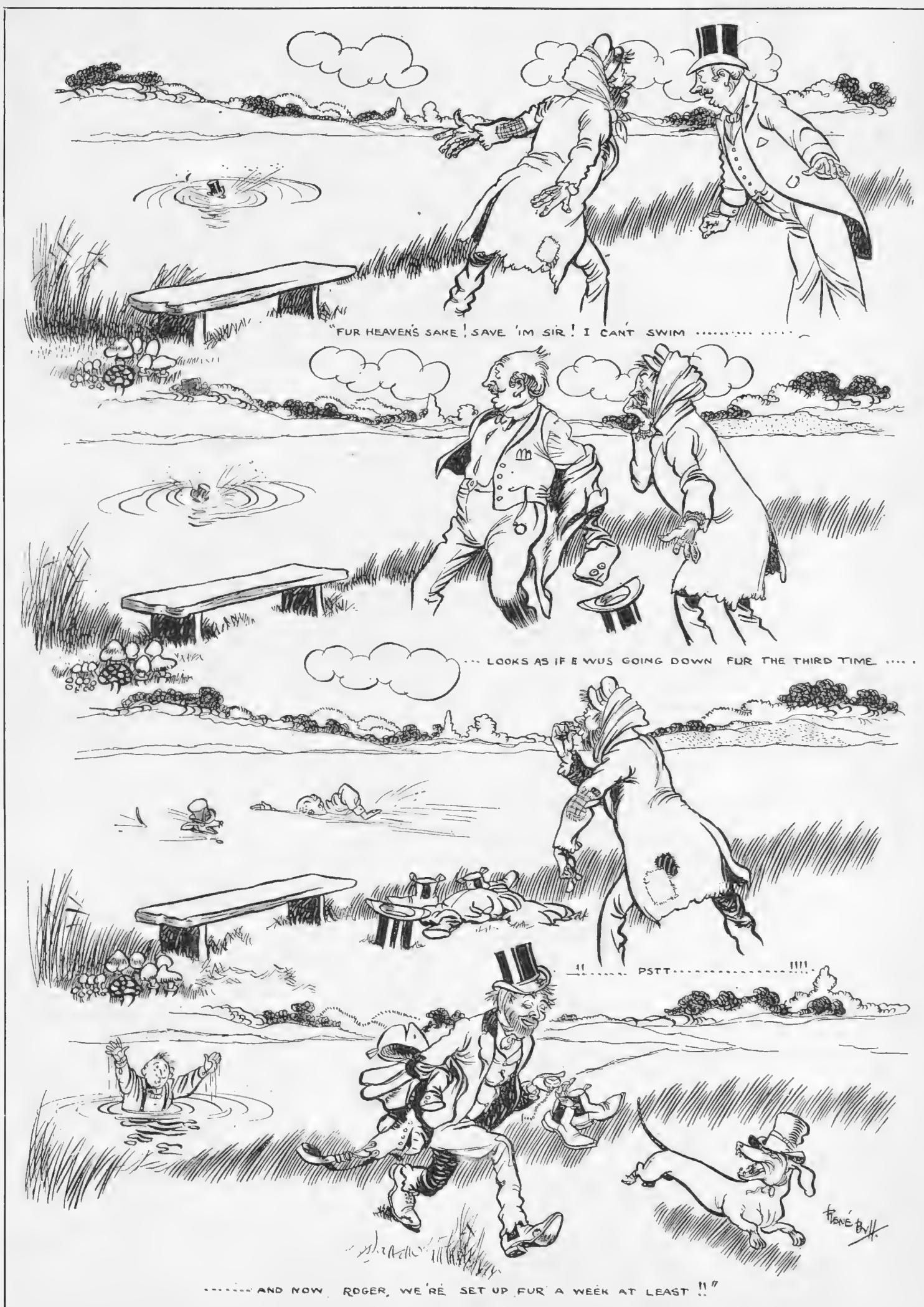
The Italian was trembling; a great conflict was surging in his bosom.

"What—is—your—special—purpose?" he asked haltingly.

"The bull-ring," answered the other briefly.

[Continued overleaf.]

A CANINE SINKING FUND



A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTLETS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

Antonio suddenly became quite calm.

"I will not sell Pietro," he said sullenly; "nor," he went on, rage and contempt welling up into his eyes, "will I let him be sacrificed for the pleasure of your red-minded countrymen."

The Spaniard laughed. "You are a great fool," he said; "think over it, however, and, if you change your mind, come and see me here to-morrow at the same hour. Addios." He turned and entered the café, leaving Antonio staring after him.

From a rag-bed a pale, emaciated woman rose on her elbow and gazed inquiringly with dreadful anxiety at Antonio, as he entered his squalid lodging. Meeting her eyes, he dumbly shook his head; and, dropping on to a wooden bench, buried his face in his hands.

"A little wine, Antonio," gasped the woman huskily. "A cup of wine, for the love of God." Her husband made no sign, and she sank back exhausted with a groan.

The next evening, true to his word, the fat man, whose little beady eyes twinkled expectantly, was standing in the patio of the Café de Colon.

Suddenly he started and peered up the street, as he caught sight of a ragged, picturesque figure approaching.

It was Antonio.

"Ah," said the Spaniard with a satisfied smile, "I thought so."

The Italian reached the café with a lurching stride, and confronted his acquaintance of the previous day.

"Well," he said, the former respect with which he had addressed him being conspicuously absent, "I have come back."

"So I see," responded the other, smiling. "I am glad you have thought fit to—er, what shall we call it?—change your mind."

"Don't count on your dirty bargain before you have concluded it," said the Italian with a sneer.

The fat man laughed aloud, a high, metallic chuckle. "My good friend," he said, "what is the good of talking like that to me? I thought you would eventually sell your bear, yesterday; I know you will sell him to-day. You are poor, destitute in fact. I am rich—why, I could buy your beastly soul, if I wanted it—but I don't. I want your bear; so talk sense."

Antonio said nothing, but the hard light came into his eyes.

"Come, fool or wise man, whichever you be," continued the Spaniard; "come and have an absinthe, and talk it over."

The Italian shrugged his shoulders and, entering, seated himself. He was an ignorant man, utterly unversed in anything but the rudiments of civilisation. He eyed his host with repugnance, as he guessed his profession—that of horse-pimp for the bull-rings of Spain; and he wondered vaguely how God allowed men to get rich in such a traffic. Then he spoke, and his voice vibrated strangely.

"Listen," he said. "You are rich and fat. I am poor and wretched, and have but two friends in the world—my wife and my bear. The latter I must sacrifice to the former; though God knows whether I sin or acquire merit by such an act. But, keep you this well in mind—I will have no unfair dealings. Pietro must have his chance. He must fight your cursed bull fairly, without interference. None of your Spanish tricks with drugs and what not."

"He shall have his chance," said the other, grinning.

"He shall have his chance," repeated Antonio, "and, moreover, to make certain on that point, I shall not leave his side till he enters the bull-ring. If he is victorious, he is to be given back to me without repayment of a centimo. But, first of all, I get paid the money; you understand, fat man? I get paid the twelve hundred pesetas. My wife is very sick."

The Spaniard still grinned.

"You want the money now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Antonio. "The money now and two witnesses, one of my choosing. The bargain must be in writing."

Half-an-hour later, the document was drawn up and duly signed and witnessed.

A glaring August afternoon in San Sebastian. The Plaza de Toros was packed with fifteen thousand spectators. The sun beat mercilessly down on those who had not been able to obtain seats labelled "Sombra." The occasion was a gala one—the name-day of the Queen-Dowager. Mantillas of old lace, black and white, were much in evidence, some covering raven tresses, others surmounting blonde locks—locks which had become blonde since an English Princess ascended the throne of Spain.

Fans flirted, black eyes glanced slyly sideways under long lashes; excited men shouted and waved their hands to one another, raucous-voiced vendors of beer, wine, and sweets pushed their way along the

swarming tiers, extolling the merits of their wares. In the arena, red-jacketed servants were spreading the sand which should absorb the expected blood.

An added attraction had been announced for this particular day.

Translated, the advertisement ran thus—

GREAT SPECTACLE AT THE PLAZA DE TOROS.

On the occasion of the name-day of the Queen-Dowager, a novel attraction will be added to the usual programme.

Preceding the death of six pure-bred fighting-bulls, which will be slain by the famous Toreadors, Montes, Fuentes, Machaquito, and Bombita Chico, a

GREAT FIGHT

to the death will take place between a huge grisly bear (especially imported from the Rocky Mountains of America) and a bull from the Duke of Veragua's own stock.

The red-coated sand-sprinklers, having completed their task, retired, and the arena lay empty.

Suddenly a fanfare of trumpets blared out shrilly, and two mounted Alguazils, clad in seventeenth-century costume, rode in, to whom, as they saluted the President, he threw the keys of the various dens. These they deftly caught, and, after saluting again, rode back whence they came and disappeared.

Again the trumpets spoke, and, the babel of tongues ceasing, a dead hush fell upon the vast assembly.

A moment later the heavy door of a den swung back, and out into the glare of the arena a huge bear ambled. The sunlight dazzled him after the darkness of the confined space in which he had been kept prisoner. He stood blinking and gazing round in a muddle-headed fashion, and finally, shuffling off to that part of the ring which lay in the shade, he sat down on his haunches.

He had hardly done so when another door was flung open.

With a furious bellow a great Andalusian bull instantly dashed out and galloped blindly half-way across the arena, his eyes gleaming red with blood-lust, and foam flying from his mouth.

Here he halted and stood raking back the sand with his fore-feet, then, glaring round, searched for an object for attack. Immediately he espied the bear sitting quiet and unmoved some fifty paces distant.

Emitting another menacing bellow, he lowered his head and sprang off on a thunderous charge.

He had covered, perhaps, half the distance, when the bear, realising the hostile intentions of his adversary, suddenly stood upright to receive him, and opened his arms invitingly. Then a curious thing happened. The bull, though it would have attacked with ferocious courage any animal which stood on four legs, or any human being which stood on two, stopped short—dismayed, it may be, at the uncanny spectacle which presented itself to him, of an obvious quadruped assuming the erect posture of a biped.

For some seconds he stood spellbound, gazing with ever-increasing astonishment and dread at the strange phenomenon.

Tired of standing still, the bear opened his arms a little wider and took one stride forward. That proved the last straw.

The bull turned, and throwing frequent and fearful glances behind him, cantered off to the opposite side of the ring, where he stood sweating and shivering against the barrier.

The silence was oppressive.

All at once someone gave vent to a loud snigger. Instantly it was caught up by fifteen thousand throats, and roar after roar of laughter shook the massive building, while shouts of "Bravo, Oso!" came from those who could articulate. The bear was evidently astounded. It was so long since he had gained any applause that he had forgotten the sound of it. But that cry—"Bravo, Oso! Bravo, Oso!" brought back vividly the time of his popularity; and instinctively rising to the occasion, with an appreciative, slobbering grin on his face, and forepaws dangling, he began to waltz slowly round and round—round and round.

That evening, after Antonio had ceased to weep on the neck of his unwounded hero, Pietro had such a dinner as seldom falls to the lot of a bear, however capacious its maw.

On the outskirts of beautiful San Remo there is a little café, prettily situated, with an orchard and olive-groves behind it. The name of the "Padrone" is Antonio Vallani, whose buxom wife is locally and deservedly famed for her cookery.

In the orchard an old bear, almost blind with age, sleeps away the evening of his life, under the grateful shade of the fruit-trees. His infirmities do not, however, prevent him from enjoying the fruit and honey which are lavished upon him, nor from frequent senile gambles with a sturdy, black-eyed urchin, who calls him "godfather," and is his inseparable companion and playmate.

THE END.

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



SOME DEVOTEES OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—AS SEEN BY A COMIC ARTIST.
DRAWN BY PHILIP H. BAYNES.

THE extraordinary enthusiasm aroused by the revival of "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the Savoy has been a constant source of delighted comment in the Green-Room, for though the public somehow believes that jealousy, if not envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, is the predominant characteristic of the life of the theatre, seeing how great a part the personal element plays in it, yet it is nevertheless a fact that among no members of the community is there a more genuine delight in success than among us who know what the stimulation of triumph means or the depression of failure. Besides, in spite of the evidence of our eyes, we still treasure the illusion that, somehow, a success at one theatre may be reflected on to another.

At the same time the views of certain of the critics have been discussed. One of them has laid down the *obiter dictum* that "nobody must be quite serious in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera." Those of us who know Mr. Gilbert have been amused at the statement, for if ever there was a dramatist whose ideas are faithfully reproduced and carried out by the actors, that dramatist is Mr. Gilbert, and the seriousness of the player is a *sine qua non*.

The public is constantly being told that all Mr. Gilbert's stage management is worked out on carefully planned model scenes which are made for the purpose. It is never particularly pleasant to prick the bubble of a popular belief, but it is nevertheless a fact that Mr. Gilbert has no models of scenes, though it is perfectly true he does always work out every detail of the stage-management before he goes to rehearsal.

Miss Mary Morison, whose translation of Gerhart Hauptmann's play, with the phenomenal cast of between forty and fifty speaking-parts, "The Weavers," was produced at the Scala Theatre on Sunday and Monday last week, is well known in the world of literature by reason of her translations from the Scandinavian languages. She was responsible last year for the translation of the Ibsen Letters, which attracted so much attention, a work undertaken after she had finished

a translation of George Brandes' "Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature." "The Weavers" and "Lonely Lives," also by Hauptmann, are, however, the only plays which she has Englished—to use an American expression—except a Danish play which she did for the author, but which has not yet been published. Miss Morison is at present living in Norway.

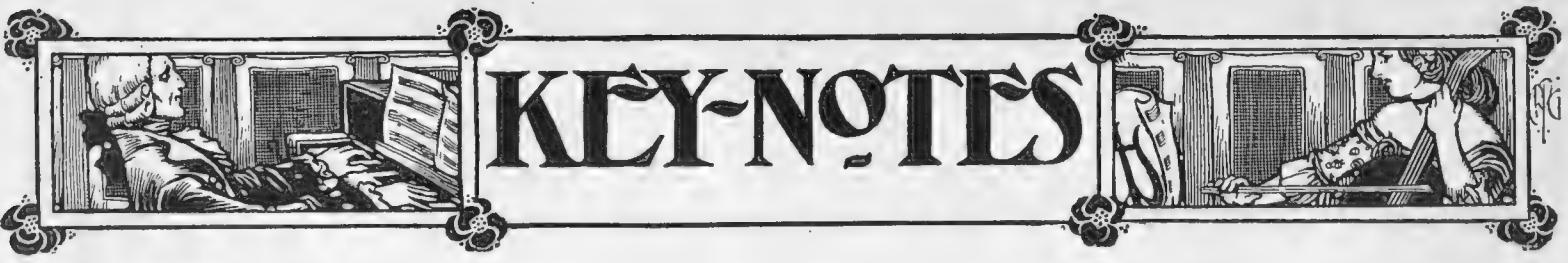
If Alice were only the White Queen of Wonderland—or the Red Queen, for that matter—she might be described royally as the fifth of the name so far as London is concerned, when, in the person of the beautiful Miss Marie Studholme, she is acclaimed this afternoon at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Alice I. was Miss Phœbe Carlo, Alice II. Miss Nellie Bowman, Alice III. Miss Rose Hersee, and Alice IV. Miss Ellaline Terriss. Alice ought really to carry a sceptre tipped with a golden star to indicate Miss Studholme's position in the theatrical firmament, for she is to be starred by Mr. Seymour Hicks, to whom she has engaged herself for the next two years. She will therefore be the heroine of the new musical comedy on which Mr. Hicks has been working.

Mr. Laurence Housman's withdrawal of his name from the authorship of "The Vicar of Wakefield" has, as might be expected, created a good deal of interest in the theatrical world. Happily, such incidents are few and far between, but they are not altogether unknown. At one time Mr. Henry Arthur Jones requested that his name as joint-author with the late Mr. Henry Herman of "The Silver King" should be withdrawn, and that a dash should be substituted for it. Naturally, at the time, the event created a great deal of excitement, for the popularity of the play was overwhelming, and the public interest in it has been so great that it is still making money in the provinces. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's desire, however, has not been generally observed, and only a short time ago it led to an amusing incident, for the play was announced as "by the late Henry Arthur Jones." As his controversy with Mr. Tree on the question of the present position of the British drama abundantly proves, Mr. Jones is very much alive.



MISS PHYLLIS DARE IN PANTOMIME: THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS AS CINDERELLA AT THE NEW KING'S THEATRE, EDINBURGH.

Photograph by Horsburgh.



KEY-NOTES

THE first performance in the West End of London of Elgar's "The Kingdom" was given last week by the London Choral Society at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Fagge. We have already discussed this work at some length in these columns, when it was produced at the recent Birmingham Festival. It will therefore serve no good purpose to go into details again. The oratorio, as we have said, is of wonderful beauty, and all praise is due to the above-mentioned Society for the way in which it was rendered on this occasion. The chorus was remarkably good, singing with a strength and an expressiveness which always marks these choristers. At the last moment, Miss Gleeson-White was unable to appear, and Miss Norah Newport took the part of the Blessed Virgin with much feeling. Mr. John Coates, Mr. Dalton Baker, and Miss Gwendolyn Roberts were the other soloists, all singing exceedingly well.

The new Concert Hall now building in Great Portland Street is to be called St. Paul's Hall, and is to be under the management of Messrs. Vert and Sinkins. We are informed that it will be in many respects the most unique, the most comfortable, and the best-appointed hall devoted to musical entertainments in the world. It will afford accommodation for an audience of over twelve hundred people, and is to cost a hundred thousand pounds. Nevertheless, the inclusive fee for hire is to be quite moderate—about half that charged for the now demolished St. James's Hall, and the builders have undertaken to complete the structure in eight months. The ground and sub-ground floors are to be utilised for other business purposes; but, as yet, nothing definite has been decided upon, though applications for their utilisation have already been made.

It is interesting to note that Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the talented young pianist, is about to be married to Mr. Stacy Aumonier, the well-known water-colour artist. She gave her only recital this season at the Bechstein Hall during the past week, and it proved very successful.

That delightful singer, Mr. Charles Clark, gave his second and last Vocal Recital this season a few days ago, at the Aeolian Hall. He is so admirable an artist that it is good news to hear that his appearances in London next year are to be far more numerous than they have hitherto been. On the occasion in question he opened his programme with a delightful group of Purcell songs, and sang them exquisitely. We think it rather a pity he included such songs as "The Opium-Smoker," by Arthur Symons, and Campbell Tipton's setting of Rossetti's "I Looked and Saw Your Eyes" in his programme, as they are not of much musical interest. He concluded his programme with Dvorák's "Gipsy Songs," including the lovely "Songs My Mother Taught Me," all of which he rendered in a truly artistic manner.

Arrangements in connection with the German Opera Season at Covent Garden, which is to open on Jan. 14, are now in full progress. Mr. Van Dyck is to appear on the opening night in a performance of "Tristan und Isolde," singing, of course, the rôle of Tristan, with Madame Litvinne as the Isolde. The services of Madame Agnes Nicholls and Mr. Frederic Austin have been retained, and several other English singers are included in the list of artists. We are also glad to note that Herr Hérod, who created so favourable an impression when he sang at Covent Garden some two or three seasons ago, is to sing the title-part of Lohengrin in the opera of that name.

Herr Sandor Raab, the Hungarian pianist, gave his second recital at the Bechstein Hall last week, in the presence of a very large audience.

Herr Raab is a real artist with an exceptionally fine technical accomplishment, but as yet he has not any wonderful command of expression. He played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26) with much taste, the movement known as the Funeral March being, perhaps, rendered the best of all four. An arrangement by Saint-Saëns of a Bach Gavotte was also given, but we do not think this pianist as yet fully understands Bach's great music. He also included in his programme

Liszt's paraphrase on Verdi's "Rigoletto," which he played with much executive power, while the "Rhapsodie Espagnole," by the same composer, afforded Herr Raab great opportunity of displaying excellent touch and technique.

An altogether delightful afternoon was spent last week at the Bechstein Hall, when Miss Ellen Bowick recited Dickens's "A Christmas Carol" and sang to a very crowded and enthusiastic audience. Throughout the entire afternoon Miss Bowick was in complete sympathy with her listeners; her modulation of voice, play of feature, and illustrative gesture were all equally happy in individualising the leading characters, and bringing out the humours as well as the pathos of the story. Mr. Noel Johnson's incidental music was excellently rendered by Mr. Frederick Peachy.

The last Ballad Concert of this year was given last week at the Queen's Hall, and was fully appreciated by the audience assembled to listen to the various artists. Mr. Kennerley Rumford sang Miss Gertrude Aylward's "Mother of Mighty Sons" with much expression, and Miss Agnes Nicholls selected for interpretation "While I am Waiting," from "Véronique," and other songs. Mr. Ben Davies sang an air from the first act of "La Bohème." Miss Julia Caroli, who is the possessor of a pretty soprano voice, sang very charmingly; and Miss Carmen Hill and others were among those who contributed to the afternoon's entertainment, an excellent one.

COMMON CHORD.



MONKS WHO HAVE BEEN OFFERED CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS: THE FAMOUS CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.

The choir is justly celebrated throughout Italy, and numerous attempts have been made by enterprising concert managers to induce members of it to forsake the life of a religious for that of a singer in opera or on the concert-platform. It was in the church of San Lorenzo that Savonarola preached against the Medicis; and there also that the funeral service of Michel Angelo was held.

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COMMON CHORD.



FINED FOR OBSTRUCTING A MOTORING MEDICO—THE A. A. TO "NAME" TOWNS AND VILLAGES—NO NOVELTIES AT PARIS—HIGH-TENSION MAGNETOS IN FRANCE; ALSO MULTI-DISC PLATE CLUTCHES—ITALIAN ENTERPRISE—MOTOR-CABS IN PARIS AND LONDON.

SLOWLY but surely the old-time users of the road are learning that, their ancient occupation notwithstanding, they may not, under pain of fine, obstruct modern traffic. The blustering opposition to motors is occasionally punished, although in a somewhat mild manner. A few days ago a medico, driving some distance to perform an important and serious operation upon a child, and

French engine-designers show here and there a tendency to adopt the *moteur bloc*—that is, all cylinders in one casting, but in that they were led by the Ariel Motor Company some three years ago.

The most marked difference between English and French practice at the moment is the more general adoption of high-tension magneto ignition in the latter, and the strides made by the electrical instrument-makers in perfecting magnetos for this purpose. Quite a large number of new native makes of this kind of ignition apparatus were noticeable in the galleries; while, to our shame be it spoken, there is only one British-made magneto on sale, and that at present untried. In the meantime foreign makes are crowding our market.

I admit that I was not prepared to see so wholesale an adoption of multi-disc plate clutches, after the Hele-Shaw type. The French constructors, particularly those late in entering the industry, have quite gone nap on this style of clutch, merely through force of example or ease of attainment. I do not see that much is gained in return for the extra weight and complication in comparison with a well-designed, well-made leather-faced friction cone-clutch, to which many of the old houses still stick like limpets.

To the ordinary man, it is a matter for surprise to see Italy come to the front so rapidly in the art of automobile manufacture. The almost immediate success of the F.I.A.T. appears to have led to the formation of numerous other Italian motor firms, who showed for the first time at the present Salon. What is still more curious is the fact that Italian-built cars have obtained quite a vogue with smart people in France, and French makers are by no means happy at the idea of further Italian competition.

Paris certainly does lead London in the matter of taximeter-carrying motor-cabs. There are hundreds of smart, quiet, fast, two-cylinder Renaults and Chenard-Walckers running about the streets, and as they are quite three times as fast as the horse-drawn variety, they are very well patronised. At

A QUEEN WHO RECENTLY PASSED THE NIGHT IN A WAYSIDE INN ON THE MONTE ROSA.
QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY. (X)

Every day kings and queens seem to become more democratic. Quite recently Queen Margherita of Italy illustrated in her own person this very point. She was ascending the Monte Rosa when a storm came on, and she took shelter in a wayside inn. Nothing would induce her Majesty to accept the proposal made by the assembled tourists that she should have a sitting-room to herself, and she passed the night in their company, refusing all special consideration.—[Photograph by Van M. M. Couture.]

accompanied by the hospital nurse who was to assist him, was held up on his car, not once, but twice, by an obstinate hobbledehoy driving a donkey-cart. The medico thought that under the circumstances an example should be made of a callous brute who hindered a man of healing on his way to the suffering. The donkey-driver was fined 40s. and costs—little enough when it is remembered that the delay might have cost the child's life, and that a fine of £5 or more would have been inflicted upon the doctor had he been charged with driving at twenty-one miles per hour upon his errand of mercy.

The Automobile Association is about to charge itself with a duty which the Cyclists' Touring Club or the Roads' Improvement Association might have performed throughout the country long ago. The Association proposes to fix a name-plate on the first and last buildings in all towns and villages throughout the kingdom, so that motorists—and, indeed, all other travellers—may learn the name of a village or town directly they come to it. Of course, this is already done in France by means of the comprehensive *indicateurs* set up by the Government; but here, as usual, so obvious a convenience is left to private enterprise. I heartily congratulate the A.A. upon their resolve, and trust that their name-plaques will soon distinguish every small town and village in the country. Such indications will be of immense benefit to motoring and cycling tourists.

The Paris Salon has, after all, brought forth nothing to take the breath away. In petrol cars at least we seem to have arrived very near the stage represented in the history of cycling by the double diamond frame safety. Slight diversions of pattern rather than improvements are all that are observable in the petrol motors shown at both Olympia and the Salon; indeed, it is hard to say now just where a reciprocating petrol motor can be improved. Of course we may be at this moment on the very threshold of the petrol turbine, but that is another story. I say turbine advisedly, for of rotary petrol motors there have been more than a few, and none of any excellence. The



A DEMOCRATIC ROYAL MOTORIST: QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY. (X)

Photograph by Van M. M. Couture.

present London has to be content with about two score ugly and rather noisy vehicles, which swarm at Hyde Park Corner and can be obtained nowhere else. It also appears useless to hail one of these cars when empty on the streets, for the drivers are intent upon getting back to the Corner with the least possible delay. Motor-cabs are not well handled in London yet.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE HOLIDAYS—AMATEURS—TOUTING.

THE Christmas Week programme is not a very strong one. On Boxing Day racing will take place at Hooton Park, a meeting that has "caught on" wonderfully under very aristocratic patronage. There will also be racing at Dunstable and Kempton Park. The last-named meeting extends over two days, and, given fine weather, it should be a big success, as Londoners enjoy watching the "leppers," and, as a rule, they turn up at Sunbury in their thousands. Indeed, I have on occasion seen quite as large a crowd at Kempton on a Boxing Day as has attended on many wet Jubilee days. The "Tube" and electric-tram service is a great lift for this meeting. It is possible to get from the City to Kempton and back for one shilling and fourpence. Added to this is one shilling admission to the course, so that a good day's sport can be witnessed for an outlay of half-a-crown.

It is remarkable how well amateur trainers get on under National Hunt rules.

Mr. Frank Hartigan, who rode as an amateur and afterwards as a professional, is one of our most successful trainers of jumpers. Mr. J. J. Maher, who hails from Ireland and has a team of jumpers for the season at Delamere Forest, has a marvellous record of wins up to date. Mr. Willie Woodland, who rode as an amateur for some time, is a fine trainer of jumpers and flat-racers, and in Wild Aster he has one of the best hurdlers in training; although at one time this animal was an ordinary selling-plater. The Hon. A. Hastings, who trained and rode Ascetic's Silver for the Grand

National, is a great acquisition to the winter pastime. He takes the liveliest interest in the sport, and spares neither time nor trouble in the following of his vocation as a trainer. Mr. Robert Gore runs up a fine average of winners during the winter months, and he is master of the art of placing jumpers in selling races. His near neighbour, Mr. Saunders Davies, who was at one time a successful amateur rider, now trains good winners under both sets of rules. I had hoped that Mr. Robson would have induced Sir John Miller to patronise racing under National Hunt rules once more, but Sir John seemingly intends to confine himself to flat-racing. No reference to amateur trainers would be complete without mention of Sir Charles Nugent's name. Sir Charles, who won the Grand National with Drumcree, and should

have won the race with Hidden Mystery, has a useful stable of horses under his charge, and will be dangerous to oppose presently. Mr. Garrett Moore and his brother, Mr. Willie, have always turned out good jumpers. Other amateurs who have done well are Mr. A. Thirlwell, Captain Jackson, Mr. Persse, Captain Coventry, Major Morris, Mr. Lushington—who trained Ambush II. for the King—and last, though by no means least, Captain Dewhurst.

When sportsmen turn to their papers to see the arrivals, the horses under orders, and work on the training-ground, they little think of the labour entailed in collecting the details for their use, and perhaps benefit. Take Newmarket; the touts have to work hard for months and months to get acquainted with the make, shape, and markings of the yearlings, so as to be able to spot them when they exercise on the Heath as two-year-olds. The touts seldom make a mistake. Indeed, it is quite an exception to find one of them

wrong. They have to collect the work done each day, and, what is more important, they have to note the difference in condition of the animals they are set to watch. The compilation of the list of departures is a difficult task, yet it is invariably correct. True, the list is not sent to the papers until the train has actually started nowadays, as some of the old-time trainers used to send their horses down to the station to hoodwink the touts, and take them home again. One noble Lord trained in the provinces where no touting was allowed, and I had his horses touted from a certain junction en route to the various courses.

After that, the horses often went to that spot and were then sent home again; when I suggested that the animals did their training in a horse-box, I was threatened with a writ for libel. I explained that his Lordship could not see my very feeble attempt to make a joke, but it was an attempt nevertheless. Another case, and I have done. Captain Roddy Owen used to ride Bloodstone to victory often under National Hunt rules. The horse was trained with others at Alfriston, and we had the horses touted for race-courses at Lewes Junction. One day, our man sent Bloodstone good for a race at Sandown; but the stable had sent another horse of similar colour engaged in the same race, and he ran and won. Bloodstone had not left home.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our Last "City Notes" page.



A SCOTTISH TERRIER WHO HAS WON TWENTY PRIZES SINCE JUNE 1905: MAJOR R. BENNETT'S WAGON HILL.

Wagon Hill was born on September 5, 1904, his sire being Champion Hyndman Thistle, and his dam, Scottish Flirt. He is the property of, and he was bred by, Major R. Bennett, of the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich. He is a brindle dog, possesses an exceptionally good coat, excels in front, head, expression, and general character, and has the best of legs and feet.



THE CAPE HUNTING-DOG, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE HYENA DOG.

The Cape hunting-dog, owing to its resemblance, both in colouring and marking, to the hyæna, is often called by the name of the hyæna dog. Its most striking external features are the large size of its ears and the great length of legs. They hunt in packs, relieving one another when exhausted, so that those who have been resting and husbanding their strength in the rear of the chase come forward and take the lead.

Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.

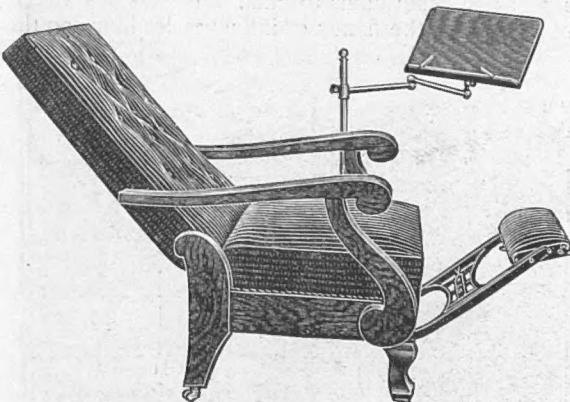
OUR LADIES' PAGES.

KIND folk who are in sympathy with the poor horses who live such a chequered life in London streets assembled in force some days since at 43, Cleveland Square, where distinguished artists gave generously of their talents to help the cause of the Horse-Ambulance Fund, the offices of which, in connection with the Dumb Friends' League, are at 118, Victoria Street. In winter, when slippery pavements cause accidents and suffering to horses, these ambulances do excellent work, and can most certainly claim to be supported by the humane.

The famous and long-established firm of Elkington and Co., 22, Regent Street, publish a magnificent catalogue of gold and silver plate and jewellery suitable for this season's presents, giving descriptions and illustrations of domestic and decorative Elkington plate, for which the firm stands in as high repute nowadays as it did when our great-grandfathers were young, when to buy silver-ware or plate elsewhere than at Elkington's was to be, so said many, ignorant of the first principles and knowledge of housewifery. In

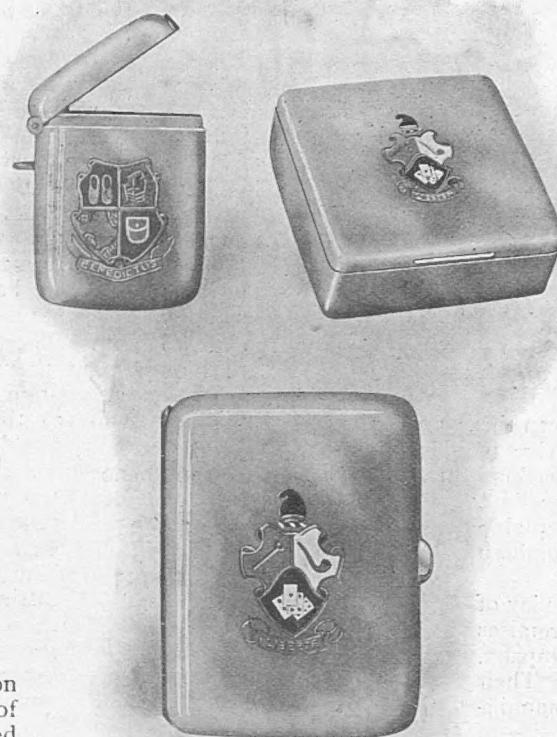
all the intervening years the firm's reputation has stood, and stands, as high amidst crowds of earnest and eager competitors as when it ranked in the first flight of London silversmiths of good old days. Excellent material, expert handicraft, artistic design, characterise the most modestly priced production as well as the costliest, and it is a proud but well-proved assertion that nothing second-rate or of inferior workmanship has ever been made or sold under the auspices of the house of Elkington. A clever and very novel idea has been exploited in the introduction of cigarette-boxes, cigar-cases and matchboxes in silver, with mock coats-of-arms emblazoned in enamel with correct colouring. Thus, for a bachelor, the Cap of Liberty surmounts pipes, latch-keys, playing-cards, with the legend "Liberté" underneath. For the married man, slippers, purse, fireside, and small cupids in correct heraldic order are displayed over "Benedictus" writ below. The match-box, costing half a guinea, and the others, proportionately

inexpensive, make delightful gifts for men friends in both categories. Women, if given the choice, naturally yearn for jewellery for Christmas gifts, and, bearing this in mind, the visitor will find an exceptionally ample and admirably designed selection of brooches, pendants, bangles, and so on, inexpensive but in excellent taste. Two are illustrated as examples—a dainty pendant of amethysts and pearls costing merely £1 12s. 6d., and a pretty brooch of matrix pearl with central sapphire for £2 15s. Of course "there are others," and in adjoining cases one may see noble jewels—tiara, necklace, corsage ornament—worth the traditional king's ransom. But for all purposes of seasonable present-making the daintily compiled season catalogue is full of practical suggestions, and as it is posted free on application, I recommend all who read this to send for one, either to the Regent Street house or the City branch, which is known as the Old Mansion House, 73, Cheapside.



"CHAIR COMFORT": A COMFORTABLE AND INGENIOUS CHAIR AT MESSRS. FOOT AND SON'S, 171, NEW BOND STREET, W.

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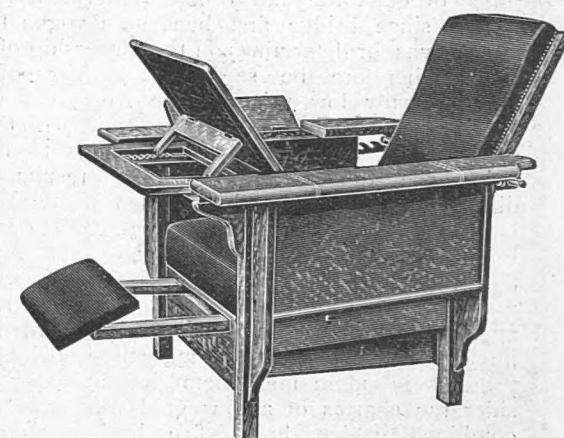


Matchboxes with Mock Coats of Arms in Enamel.
BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL GIFTS AT MESSRS.
ELKINGTON'S, 22, REGENT STREET, W.

minutes, and seconds unalterably.

"Chair Comfort" is the title of an excellent descriptive booklet published by Messrs. Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street, in which sketches of their specially manufactured reclining and adjustable chairs appear. The firm is moreover anxious to impress on the public the fact that they possess the patents and sole right to make these chairs, so they cannot be obtained elsewhere. One illustrated,

for example, shows to what extent comfort and convenience may be combined by the expert. Besides being a very luxurious chair, the "Milton," No. 133, is provided with a detachable and adjustable combined front table and reading-desk. It can be used for writing, drawing, reading, or card-playing at will, and is sold at an incredibly modest price. The table and desk slide underneath when not in use, so that the ordinary appearance of a handsome easy-chair is not interfered with. Another capital chair has a reading-desk and foot-rest adjustment, infinitely desirable for the smoking-room or den of the comfort-loving male, while a dream of luxury is realised in the "Marlborough" rocking-chair, which seems of all others one in which to lie, sit, dream, read, and sleep at leisure and pleasure. The gain in one's life of real luxury by the purchase of any of the Foot specialties in reclining-chairs cannot be measured by mere words—it must be felt and experienced. On the firm's



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Huntley and Palmers have excelled themselves in ingenuity this Christmas with regard to the many delightful boxes in which their various biscuits are enclosed, and the odd, unexpected devices in which these "goodies" lie hidden will doubly delight the children to whom they come in hampers or Santa Claus stockings at this time of Christmas fairyland. The "Casket" tin—to name a few for the guidance of mothers and aunts—simulates cleverly a roll-top desk in its manner of opening; the "Globe" tin is of educational intent, illustrating a terrestrial globe most accurately; an oblong "Work-Basket" will charm small needlewomen. The "Pillar" box, all scarlet enamel, and correct as to shape, contrasts with the "Syrian," which imitates an Egyptian coffee-table exactly. Some excellent iced fruit cakes are the "Empress," "Canterbury," and "Marlborough" while chief amongst these holiday confections are the Huntley and Palmers Christmas cakes—all compounded of wholesome and carefully chosen ingredients.

A Pendant of Amethysts and Pearls.

In America, where life goes at a hand gallop, and everybody is continually rushing, crushing, and hustling "to get there first," a timekeeper that keeps time must be a first necessity of that strenuous existence. By all accounts, the Waltham watch answers the most exigent, and besides being an exact timekeeper, is strong, inexpensive, and of "pleasing appearance," gold, silver, and gun-metal cases being supplied at will; while the works of the Waltham within keep the tale of the hours,



A Beautiful Necklet.



A Silver-Gilt Powder-Puff Box and Mirror.

DELIGHTFUL PRESENTS AT THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S, 188, OXFORD STREET.

unnecessary to enlarge, seeing how widely known these are for excellence and durability. Probably half the Service men in India and elsewhere order this form of "kit" at 171, New Bond Street. Ladies' jewel-bags, and week-end cases are also in excellent evidence, and one or other makes a highly acceptable form of Yuletide donation. Husbands in embryo and in fact may note this with advantage.

More than ordinarily attractive is the display of jewellery and silver plate on view at the fine premises of the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, this Christmas season. Their catalogue, bound in scarlet and gold, is a magnificent compendium—no other word describes it—of designs in modern, mediæval, and antique gold and silver ware, while the stock of jewels in artistic patterns, and of lustrous stones of the first and finest water, is so original as to rival the worthiest efforts of the Rue de la Paix modellers, than which no higher praise can be given, I take it, to the good British burgess. A few illustrations are appended as suitable examples of Christmas presents. One is of a charming necklace of blue-white diamonds strung on a fine gold chain; at forty-five pounds this jewel is absolutely at bargain price, seeing the size and lustre of the stones. A ring of square-cut emeralds and diamonds marks a revival of old-time modes very much in favour at the moment. The workmanship of this style has a distinct intrinsic value apart from the stones, because of the difficulty and delicacy of the setting. Ornamental rings of elaborate and ornate patterns have come so much into fashion since bridge first became a vogue that every woman now either owns, or determines on the ownership of at least half-a-dozen. It will therefore be seen that in view of the immense variety and unusually low price of the Alexander Clark Company's jewels, a visit there at Christmas time, with the fixed intention of inducing husband or paterfamilias to bestow some, can only have the most satisfactory results. Amongst the diamond pendants which appealed to one's artistic cupidity is one shown in a new and graceful design, while there is a choice of bangles, brooches, and earrings to satisfy the most spoilt and extravagant of womankind. The new gem-encrusted gold chain bags are possessions to be appropriated at the first opportunity afforded by extra good-humour on the part of masculine belongings; while as presents for mere men themselves one may admire and consider the charms of a new gold seal and "sovereign"-purse combined, which holds five half-sovereigns conveniently, and contrives the double debt of a smart-looking seal. Very much in the shape of a thin gold watch is the new silver-gilt powder-puff box and mirror, which only costs the absurd sum of 17s. 6d., and therefore is a present within reach of all, while forming a handsome ornament to hang from the neck-chain. Not the least interesting amongst the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company's treasures is a magnificent collection of Japanese art-curios, which, being in both modern and antique work, are of unusual interest to the connoisseur. The company's automatic writing-table is, again, a most complete and convenient invention, as will be judged from the fact that the King has ordered one as a special travelling-table. New forms of our valued old friend the tantalus are also on view; and amongst the silver-ware all must admire the series of handsome silver circular boxes—used for

A Charming Gift.

46.



A COMFORTABLE ARMCHAIR AT MESSRS. W. HOWARD AND SON'S.

trinkets, bonbons, or jewels—which are such a feature of this season's exhibits; while in nothing more than in the candelabra, silver canteens, and other important purchases does the good design and workmanship of the company's wares impress the householder.

The comfort of home in winter is classically interpreted in connection with the fireside and the cosy armchair. As specialists in the production and perfecting of the latter Messrs. W. Howard and Son, of Berners Street, may be considered as great authorities as those connected with a highly reputed business can be. Howard's easy-chairs have been a necessity of well-ordered households for many generations in town and country. "Many inventions" come and go, but the solid comfort of Howard's armchairs goes on for ever. A feature with this time-honoured house is that they specialise in providing furniture and decoration to suit the particular design and architecture of mansion, villa, or cottage entrusted to their skilled renovation. Thus a Georgian, Queen Anne, or Victorian house can, where desired, be supplied with every appropriate detail of the wished-for period. Thus, in the interesting catalogue issued by Messrs. Howard, we have a room after the Francis I. age correctly revived, while adapted to modern needs. A reposeful oak-panelled chamber is furnished with the ornate English walnut carving and solid yet infinitely graceful outlines of Queen Anne settees and couches. Office-furniture, enduring, without its usual inelegance, is amply provided by Howard's, while the marqueterie and Vernis Martin and gilding and brocade of the French school is well represented. Parquet flooring and wall-panelling in various woods form a separate industry, in which Howard's are known and admitted to excel. Their special system of laying and joining has always been successful in parquet-flooring, where unsightly gaps and fissures ordinarily mark the workman's unskilled labour. Where a perfectly panelled room is desired, people go to Howard's, as they would to a first-rate dressmaker for a first-rate frock or to a first-rate restaurant for a first-rate dinner; and the simile applies equally to their arm-chairs, one of which is illustrated as being specially suitable for the purposes of gift-giving at this beneficent and benevolent season. This is an adaptation of the Louis XV., not unlike that supplied to the King. The other illustration represents a carved mahogany settee and chairs of noble design and rich brocade upholstery. The examples of antique furniture are all of value intrinsically, and worth a visit from the connoisseur.

The comfort of hot baths in this chilly weather is greatly enhanced by the addition of some Scrubbs' Ammonia, which plays the rôle of good fairy so completely in all parts of the household. For cleaning brass, silver, and removing all traces of oil or grease from dress or draperies of any kind it is invaluable. For shampooing the hair, Scrubbs' Ammonia is as effective as the best concoctions of the coiffeur, and much less harmful.

The charms as well as the hygienic properties of that excellent liquid red-pepper sauce known to Anglo-Indians and discriminating others as "Tabasco" cannot be too freely and fully insisted on now that Christmas, with all its store of good things and avalanche of eatables, is actually upon us. Tabasco is a condiment, a few drops sufficing to give life and tone to almost any dish, whether soup, fish or entrée. Lamont Corliss and Company, 11, Queen Victoria Street, are the makers, but the stores and all good grocers supply it. Tabasco is an immense improvement to all meats, and helps digestion, besides giving a relish to one's food. It is excellent with cold dishes.

Savory and Moore's best food for invalids and infants is already so widely used that it may seem superfluous to chaunt its various virtues here. But at the moment, with the fiends of influenza let loose on this



ARTISTIC AND EXCELLENT FURNITURE AT MESSRS. W. HOWARD AND SON'S, BERNERS STREET, W.

distressful city, and with invalids in every other household, the Savory and Moore food takes on an added importance, and should be used in every household. A little booklet issued by the famous Bond Street

firm, known as Book I., contains invaluable information concerning the dietary of invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, aged people, and those suffering from weak digestions. At 1, Lancaster Gate Savory and Moore's new preparation, "Menthocol," is procurable.

I am well assured that no woman can look at this daintily set necklace of diamonds, sapphires, and pearls without desiring it for herself. It is one of the new designs originated by those masters in gem-setting, the Parisian Diamond Company, whose skill and taste are household words in households where taste and discrimination are residents, not occasional visitors. The restrained and refined art of these pioneers of modern jewel-setting undoubtedly set a fashion which has now a universal following. Not so very long ago, it was considered vulgar to wear jewels in the daytime, and the reason was not far to seek, since all jewellery of that particular period (say twenty to thirty years back) was ostentatious, inartistic, and tasteless in design. The cultured taste of those inaugurating the now world-wide Parisian Diamond Company set to work and started a renaissance of their ancient craft. To-day, an appreciative public in all highways, byways, and backwaters of this country gives practical acknowledgment of the company's success by purchasing and wearing its productions. No researches into ancient and mediæval models have been overlooked, no original talent in the skilled experts employed by the Company has been undetected, with the result that its pearls and diamonds have a place in the collection of every woman of taste, and its jewels bear comparison and are worn side by side with heirlooms or the costliest of acquisitions. Specialising in the production of exquisitely dainty gems for Christmas, the show-cases of the Parisian Diamond Company are at the moment really "a sight." The two well-known shops in the Burlington Arcade, as well as those in Regent Street and Bond Street, are richly stored with incredibly choice and moderately priced jewels, which everyone meditating the bestowal of Yuletide gifts should most decidedly see.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

INQUIRER (Dublin).—Yes, very fashionable, and gaining in popularity every week, almost every day.

SYBIL.

Scarcely a more acceptable present for the coming season can be suggested than a good binocular or opera-glass, as the opportunities for using them are always with us. The excellent Trieder Binoculars of C. P. Goerz have no small advantages over many field-glasses in their high power, compactness, perfect definition, and their large field of view, and after an examination of the glasses one can well understand the reasons for their popularity. For the theatre-goer, a glass of similar excellence is given by the "Fago" opera-glass, an exceptionally neat and dainty glass, which is small enough to go into the waistcoat-pocket. For those photographically inclined, a choice and well-appreciated gift would be the Goerz-Anschutz Folding Camera, an instrument responsible for much of the fast instantaneous photography with which we are now acquainted. This camera—which, as well as the glasses above mentioned, is manufactured by C. P. Goerz, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.—is perhaps more appropriate at this time of the year than may at first sight appear, since the efficiency of its lens and shutter ensures the maximum exposure with the minimum of light, so that successful photography during the winter days is quite possible.

Those who are hesitating as to the form their Christmas gifts to their friends should take should most certainly visit one of Messrs. Bewlays' shops—at 49, West Strand, or elsewhere—and inspect their stock of cigars. If they live at a distance they should send for a price list. This contains "Tobaccos for To-Day and Some Suggestions to Smokers" and a fully illustrated list of the firm's pipes, cigarettes, tobaccos, cigarette and vesta cases, Indian cigars (including the famous *Flor de Dindigul*), Manilla, Jamaica, Teneriffe, Mexican, Havannah, and British cigars. Better value cannot be obtained.

The great firm of Kupferberg, founded in 1850 by Mr. Christian Adalbert Kupferberg, boasts a remarkable record of honourable commercial enterprise. From the inauguration of the firm until now, the

name Kupferberg has been associated with the manufacture of wines of only the choicest and purest quality. The firm's cellars are amongst the most highly interesting sights of Mainz, attracting sometimes as many as a thousand visitors per day. Several thousand cases of the Kupferberg wines are shipped annually to Britain, the great specialty of the firm—"Kupferberg's Sparkling Berncastler Nonpareil"—being most particularly selected for the English market. Those of our readers who desire a fine dry Moselle of unusual excellence should test Kupferberg's Sparkling Berncastler, which is obtainable of wine dealers and stores everywhere.

Earliest of all the reference books, and certainly one of the most valuable, is "Who's Who" for 1907, which is accompanied by the "Who's Who Yearbook." "Who's Who" itself contains this year over 21,000 biographies, each of which has been submitted for personal revision. It is a book that no firm and no household can

well afford to be without, and it contrives to retain the position

that has been claimed for it as "the best compendium of autobiographies of the world's leading men."

"The Year Book" contains a

number of exceedingly useful tables and

much valuable information that has been

forced out of "Who's Who" itself by

pressure of space. Amongst the

tables given are lists of the members

of the House of Commons, of

Government officials, of law

officers, the names of papers

and their editors, pseudonyms

and pen-names, a list of the

Fellows of the Royal Society,

and lists of the leading clubs

and societies and their

secretaries.

"Craven" mixture, invented by the third Earl of the name, and much extolled by Mr. Barrie, is one of the most popular blends on the market. There can be no doubt that it possesses all the attributes which a high-class mixture must have if it is to achieve permanent popularity. If it were otherwise, its vogue must have gradually diminished instead of constantly increasing as it has done. If you

have never smoked "Craven" its delicate aroma and flavour will be a revelation to you. Get some at your tobacconist's, or from Messrs. Carreras', Wardour Street, W.

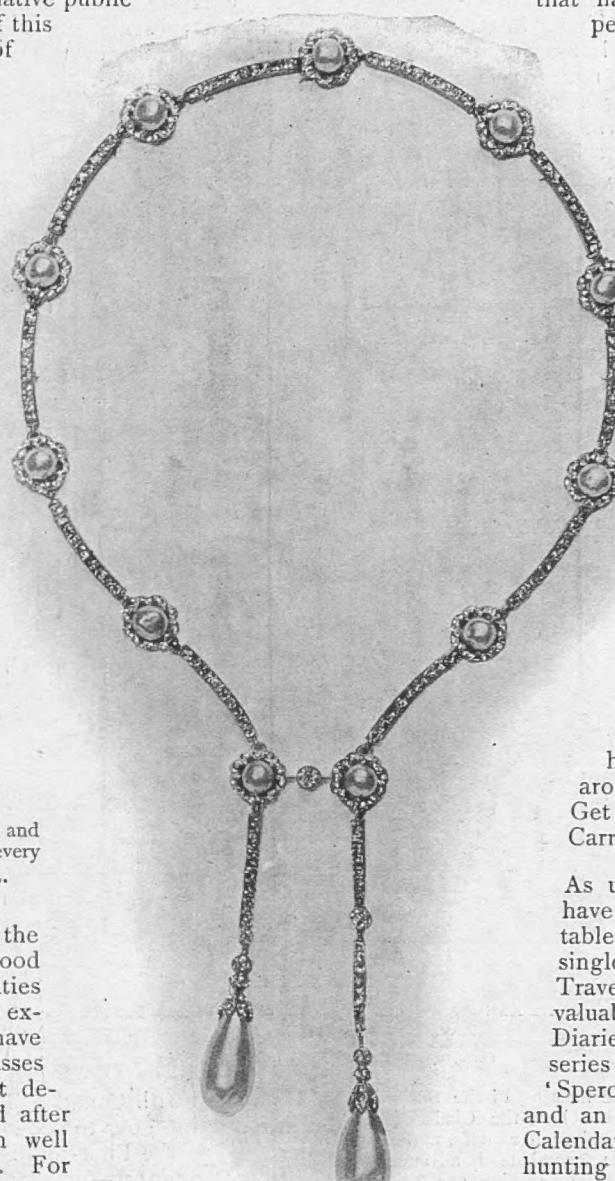
As usual, Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co. have issued an excellent selection of diaries and tablet calendars. For particular mention may be singled out Index Diaries in three sizes, the Traveller's Index Diary, which contains much valuable information for British tourists; Thin Diaries in limp leather cases, including the Flexible series; the Gentleman's Note-Case, with patent "Spero" fastening instead of the usual elastic band, and an artistic series of White Seal-Grain Tablet Calendars, as well as cases for engagements and hunting appointments.

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" for 1907 takes the familiar form, but added to it, in the preface, is much readable information as to the selection of Peerage titles. It contains also, in addition to the customary very full information, an excellent precedence table, information as to how a formal letter to titled or official personages should be addressed, a full obituary of the peers, baronets, knights, and various orders of knighthood, etc.

"Whitaker's Almanack" and "Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," take the usual form, and are as indispensable as ever. Both reference works are so well known that there is no need to give details of their contents. Suffice it to say that neither of them shows the slightest falling off in usefulness.

Messrs. Charles Letts and Company make a special point of including in their diaries insurance coupons for £1000. Among their popular publications are many Office and Scribbling Diaries, Pocket Diaries, Automatic Date Blocks—indeed, everything of the nature that may be required in home or office.

The calendars, diaries, and cases bearing the name of Messrs. John Walker are many and varied. They include various pocket diaries of all sizes, shapes, and prices, containing a coupon for £1000 accident insurance. Among the firm's calendars are Boudoir Calendars, Vest Pocket Calendars, Miniature Calendars, a Calendar Stationery Rack, and Daily Tear-Off Blocks.



A NECKLACE OF DIAMONDS, SAPPHIRES, AND PEARLS, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S, BURLINGTON ARCADE, REGENT STREET, AND BOND STREET.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 24.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION AND THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

WERE any interest taken in the Kaffir Market nowadays, the announcement of the Letters Patent relating to the government of the Transvaal would have evoked keen anticipation. As it is, the event was awaited and received with a lack of interest best illustrated by the fact that Kaffirs generally have moved but fractionally, and even lost part of this improvement when the news became further digested. The exact scope of the Letters Patent the Kaffir Market frankly admits it has hardly realised, but any move towards some sort of settlement of South African politics is welcome, as terminating the present miserable condition of uncertainty surrounding the labour question. The theory is advanced openly enough in many quarters that the elections in the Transvaal will infallibly turn in favour of the retention as long as possible of the Chinese, the result being attained through the dominating power of the magnates. These latter are declared able to influence, by one means or another, the necessary channels for insuring a good majority of votes upholding some alien labour policy; and if this argument lacks the charity which the season of the year might seem to demand, it possesses at least some slight excuse in the light of the conditions known to exist on the Rand. At any rate the Chinese will probably not go for eighteen months, and then some scheme may be devised to substitute Indian coolies.

On the other hand, not a few market men consider that the future of the gold-mines and South Africa at large will be served by the destruction of an Ordinance which can hardly fail to be a source of contention so long as it exists. To the retort that the gold-mines must have labour, these people believe that plenty of labour is available in Africa itself. Amongst such conflict of views, opinions, and suspicions, the industry and the market struggle ineffectually, and therefore it is that the Kaffir Circus looks with relief to the now coming elections, which must lead to a definite settlement of the present unhappy state of affairs. We do not believe in any serious revival till then.

THE PORT MADRYN (ARGENTINA) COMPANY, LIMITED.

The following Note by "Q" on the above company was promised in our last issue. Our readers will notice that it is as a lock-up for steady improvement, not as a gambling tip, that the shares are recommended.

One of the features of the past year has been, and one of the features of the New Year is likely to be, the rapidly increasing value of land suitable for tillage or grazing in the previously uninhabited portions of the globe. It is this which has carried Hudson's Bay shares to a record figure, which, even more than its wonderful earnings as a railway, has taken Canadian Pacifics over 200, and is destined to give them in time a much higher value. The same process has been going on in the Argentine. Speaking at the meeting of the Santa Fé and Cordova Great Southern Land Company in October last, the Chairman remarked—"Last year I called attention to the fact that land such as ours, under alfalfa, was quite worth then £5 per acre; and I think that the general steady advance in the price of good land all over the Republic would justify us in valuing our land to-day at not less than £7 per acre." I may mention, in passing, that this Company owns, roughly, 100,000 acres, and that the £1 shares stand at £4, the capital being £140,000. The capital of the Port Madryn Company is also £140,000, and it owns 370,000 acres, in which is included the whole of the town-sites of Port Madryn and Trelew, as well as the forty miles of railway between those two places. I do not wish to imply that the farm-lands of the Port Madryn Company are, *as yet*, equal in value to the land of the other Company, but I do mean that the next few years are likely to witness a great jump in the value of land in the Rio Negro and Chubut districts as these become colonised and developed by railways. At the meeting of the Argentine Southern Land Company on Thursday in this week, the chairman stated: "A considerable colonising movement is taking place throughout the large tract of country lying south of the Rio Negro River down to a point about 150 miles south of the Chubut River, and stretching eastwards from the rich Andine valleys to the sea. Within a short time all the projected railways will, no doubt, be in course of construction. Coal exists in quantity in many parts of the Andine valleys, and it ought to be valuable for all local purposes. Petroleum springs are known to exist throughout the same country." Of the projected railways, two, the concessions for which have already been applied for, are of vast importance to the Port Madryn Company. The first is the projected railway from the Port of San Antonio to Lake Nahuel-Huapi, which will pass through the 200,000 acres which the Port Madryn Company owns in the Rio Negro. This land is all well watered, is excellent in quality, and is now being stocked by the Company. The second railway extension is even more important to the Company. As I have already said, this Company has acquired the whole capital of the Chubut Railway Company, the only existing railway in the whole district, which runs from Port Madryn to Trelew. The Chubut Railway Company have applied for an extension of this line to Paso de los Indios, 150 miles to the west, at which point it will tap the rich Andine pastures. There is little doubt that this concession will be granted, and the railway commenced before very long. The completion of this line will enormously enhance the value of Port Madryn itself and of the 170,000 acres which the Company owns between that town and Trelew. Shrewd observers who have noticed the wonderful expansion of the port of Bahia Blanca in the last few years are convinced that yet another port further south will soon be required, and no port can compete with the geographical position of Port Madryn. I need not enlarge on what this would mean to the Port Madryn Company.

The market has already put a very big premium on these shares, but it is quite likely that within a few years much higher prices may be reached.

Q.

Dec. 15, 1906.

THE VICTORIA FALLS POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.

The prospectus of the Company to carry out this scheme, of which so much has been heard of late, is now issued, and 625,000 six per cent. Preference shares of £1 each are offered for subscription at par, with an intimation that preference in allotment will be given to the shareholders of the Chartered Company. There can be no doubt that if electrical engineering skill and knowledge can make such things successful the Company ought to succeed, for on its "Advisory Board of Engineers" we have probably the greatest authorities in England, France, and Germany, with the venerable Lord Kelvin at its head. The Company is registered in Rhodesia, so that the disclosures required by the Companies Acts in this country have not to be complied with, but the heavy capital duty which the wisdom of our legislators imposes upon English Companies is escaped. The amount to be raised by the present issue seems from the prospectus to be intended for the acquisition of the General Electric Power Company, now supplying about 5000-h.p. on the Rand, and the erection of a further large steam-generating station in that district capable of developing 24,000-h.p., which in the end will form a reserve station in case of breakdowns in the transmission line to be eventually installed from the Falls. As far as we can see at present, there are no contracts and no plans for commencing the main works, for which further capital will be required after the large steam station now contemplated is finished and in work. The issue is not underwritten, and the directors state that they will not go to allotment unless all the shares offered are applied for.

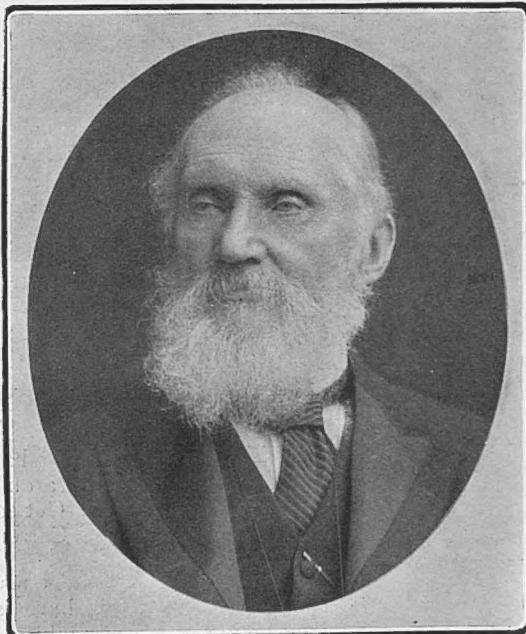
CANADIAN MATTERS.

What the bulls of Canadian Pacifics hope for is some sort of a bonus—ten per cent. we heard mentioned in the American Market the other day—arising out of land sales. The Company, however, has already announced a bonus of one per cent., payable next year, and the other anticipation certainly does not err on the side of caution. Canadas we have preached to 200 for the past five years, through good report and evil report, and it is a source of profound satisfaction that what once looked like a wild tip has justified to the full its continual repetition. And now the price will go, as we were saying last week, to 250; but it may take some time to get there. Many investors have an enormous profit on Canadas at 200, and one cannot help a sympathy with the view expressed by one of them that to refuse acceptance of 100 per cent. gain was tantamount to flying in the face of Providence. Another set of buyers is in the field, but whether there is yet another, ready to give up to 250 for Canadian Pacifics under present conditions, at the beginning of the winter, we are a little doubtful.

Compared with Canadas, Trunks are a stolid, slow-moving market. Our information goes to show that some of the recent buying of the junior stocks—the First and Second Preferences come within a serene investment category—emanated from Wall Street sources. On the other hand, Amsterdam has been a seller. The American purchases are significant, and for the man who will take up the stock, Little Trunks are likely to turn out well. It is hardly to be hoped, however, that the Dominion will enjoy a second consecutive winter so "open" as that of last year, and with the severities of a Canadian winter in prospect, there is also the possibility of an occasional shake-out in the prices of Canadian railway securities.

AMERICANS AND MONEY.

All the Stock Exchange is affected by the pre-holiday spirit which prevails during the week before Christmas, and the Yankee Market is no exception to the general rule. What business is done is mainly for account of New York, where they don't seem to allow holidays to interfere with business, before and after the event, nearly as much as we do in Throgmorton Street. So there is plenty of time for discussion of the various pros and cons as regards the future of Yankees, and it need hardly be said that opinions are divided somewhat sharply on the point. Recent happenings in Wall Street amply demonstrate that the bosses over there are becoming wonderfully independent of the monetary position. Bad bank statements are even considered bull points, because they point the crying necessity of official help from the Treasury; just as some of the charitable societies, whose appeals are so urgent just now, do not consider their claims likely to receive attention unless they can plead substantial overdrafts at the bank. The market, however, is rather artificial still, despite the shares that have gone into investment hands. There must be stacks of paper, certificates, awaiting permanent homes; and to get rid of these, the insiders must keep up prices in the market for the encouragement of buyers,



LORD KELVIN.

Head of the Advisory Board of Engineers of the Victoria Falls Power Company, Limited.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street.